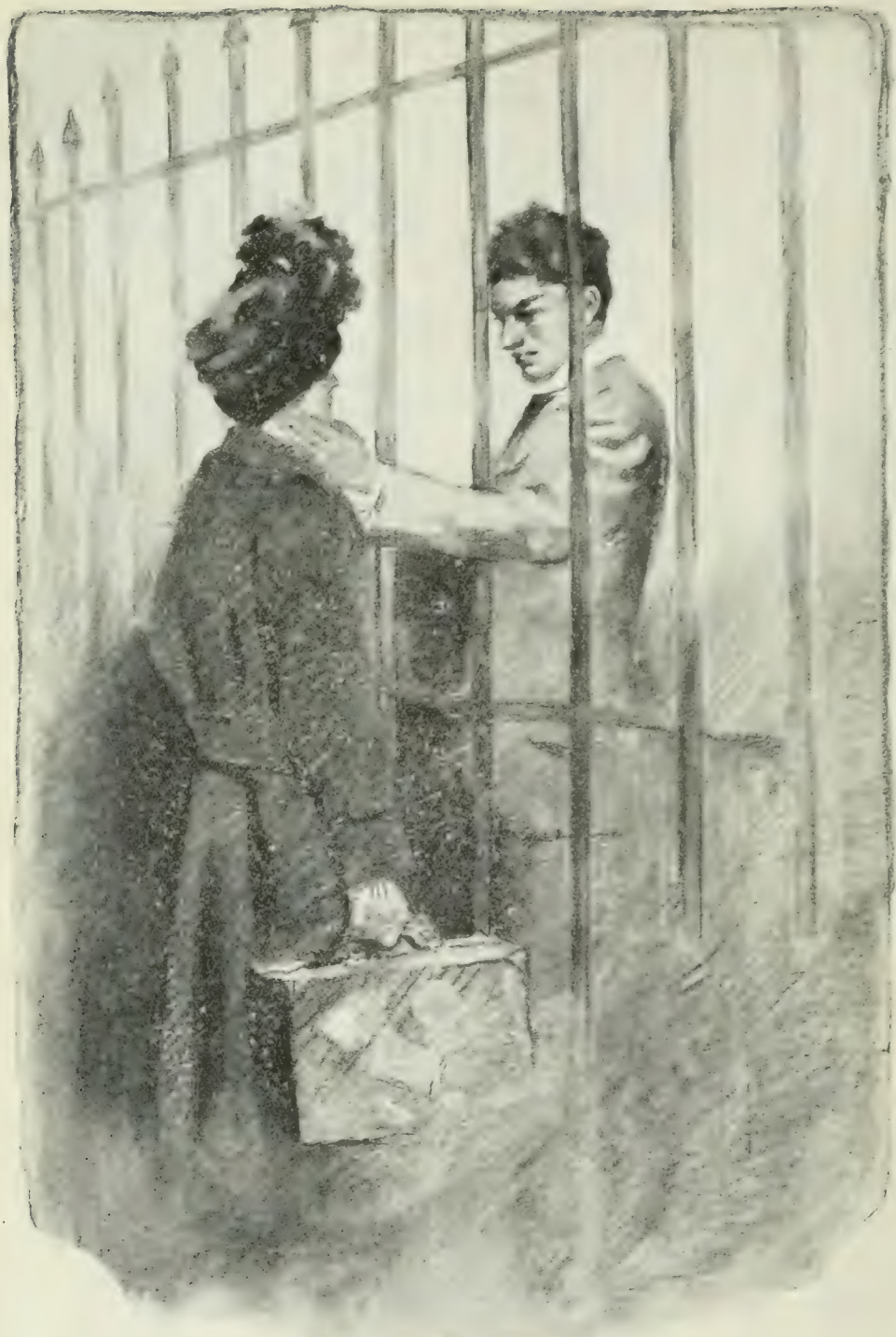


March





"GOD BLESS YE, TERRY," HE SAID—AND I CAUGHT MY TRAIN EAST BY FAITH

To accompany  
"The Part of Terry Fitz"

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## The Heart of Terry Fitz

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### CHAPTER I.

"ANYBODY,"—the Guardian of the Gate couldn't see far over his cubic displacement that, lit by official brass buttons, preceded him into space, but Alexander was upstanding and persistent—"Anybody,"—an outlying arm of the Guardian of the Gate grew visible in emphasis,—"Anybody'd think you was a *Doukhobor*!"

Alexander's big hand clenched. "Mighty!" He was always most Doric under emotion. "Mighty!" But the fat back of a Guardian of the Railway Gate may be turned with impunity to the prickliest Scotch thistle.

"Make a black-and-white of him for the 'Motley'," I suggested with a tired little giggle, as I slipped through the gate under the escort of a red-cap out of the cosmopolitan crowd that surged behind the spiked railing of the Winnipeg station. The engines in the yard fussed over their business of bearing restless humans to further restlessness; the red-cap balanced my suit-case in two efficient hands and whistled—and I hadn't said good-bye to Alexander.

That fat old official wouldn't let him come with me to my train, just because he had left his Press pass in his other coat, and there wasn't time to go around by the way we knew. Suddenly I was sorry I hadn't been nicer coming down to the station. I signalled to him, as he stood, black and thundery, above the crowd, and away up to the east, where the crowd was not, we found each other again. His hand came through the iron spikes and patted my saucy brown face in his quaint, grandmotherly way.

"God bless ye, Terry," he said—and I caught my train east by faith.

East! Going east! I couldn't be glad yet. I was too tired. But just the motion of the train, swaying magically eastward, began to take some crumple out of the tiredness. I was so weary of the west. I infinitely hated Winnipeg. That was our text as we started for the station.

"But what way do you not like Winnipeg?" Alexander had wanted to know.

"What way, Aberdeen?" I mocked at him. "Every way. The streets are

so white in the June sun. And I cannot get near the *liebe Gott* for that yellow-brick apartment block opposite my cave. Winnipeg hasn't any soul or any heart-beat—perhaps little pulses here and there—and it hasn't any moods or any mysteries. Everything is so astare. I hate the everlasting topic of real estate. And I'm fed up with your old wheat—wheat is blood, wheat is life, they say—yes, I know, Alexander Archer, but it hardens fresh, sweet soft hearts, and stifles fine intellectual impulses."

"Y'are brilliant to-night, Terry." I suspect always that gravity of Alexander's mouth.

My gravity met his. "Yes, it is just eleven o'clock by the City Hall. I always begin to be brilliant near midnight. I was born then. When are your lit moments, Alexander?"

"Never."

"Brief and definite," I commented, "'yet the bows of eloquence are buried with the Archers'."

"Ay, bur-r-ried!" Alexander doesn't really burr. His r's are only reminiscent. "Ay, bur-r-ried. Did ye finish yon litany o' hate?"

"Not nearly. I'm bored with having a genius for finance. Why should a woman have a genius for finance? When I write again, I want to just babble of utter frivolity. I want to wallow in paragraphs of impertinent color. I want to flute sweet words on a pipe of my own whimsy, and I shall die quite happy when I have scrawled one long string of golden, foolish verse.

"And here I am, dyed in markets, starched with stocks. I won't edit a financial page again—ever, ever, ever, Alexander!"

He caught the appeal. "I know," and his quiet hand closed over mine. "I know—the pains of prose." Alexander always understands. While I waited, my rebellious lip caught under a steady tooth, Alexander began in a solid Scotch manner, (he isn't often *solid* Scotch, praise be!) "There is a subject——" But I bit in, "It hasn't any predicate, Alexander, and won't parse."

"Ye know, Terry,"—the solidity

broke up—"I want to bark back at ye, just a big tolerant 'Woof'. When ye tip your chin up quick like that and snap, y' are for all the world like a bit terrier. Look at yourself yonder." I looked and saw a great pair of lapis lazuli eyes set in a brown, pointed, impudent, little face, with brown-black hair falling over the eyes and being always blinked away,—a Scotch terrier for sure.

"I had rather be an Irish terrier," I sulked.

"Can't buck fate, Terry."

"I can. Positive, Terry; comparative terrier. Note the positive, sir!"

"I have long noted it," he gloomed. "Won't you be positive you love me and will come back and marry me in October?" He was bound to parse that subject. Well, let him! I was tired and excited and reckless enough to-night to tell him the truth.

"How *can* I love you when I'm leaving you this way! Mrs. Browning says——"

"Mrs. Browning be——"

"Dinna sweer sae muckle. How then can I marry you when I've been waiting all my life for an O—— and you are not even a Mac——? Alexander Archer Ainsley, A. A. A., sounds like something aerated, a bread shop or waters."

"Terry, doan't!"

"Then suppose I finish that litany——"

"But you don't hate *me*, Terry?"

"But I do."

"Diagrams and reasons?"

"Diagram—how would a lion rampant on a yellow field do?"

"But *somebody's* got to be Scotch." He grinned good-temperedly.

"And reasons—you're such an incorrigible *POKE*."

"You mean?"

"I mean that I can't stick around for a year and a half *after* I know what I want and still be wanting it. I mean that I did care, that I knew the first day I ever met you that I had sighted home for the first time in all my upheaving life. And you called at circumspect intervals and smoked your placid pipe before my fire and were comradely and entertaining and hard and cold as your own old Aberdeen

granite. "Good for something," you said once. "Good for tombstones," I told you. Because I was then digging a grave. I waited first in joyousness at what I knew, then in wonder that you did not say you knew too—No, don't interrupt—then in dismay lest I had been too unconcealing. Oh, I used to hold my hands in my lap till I hurt them because they kept wanting to go out to you, and I felt my face flaming often in fear that I had spoken aloud what was singing in my heart and behind my lips. . . . And then I grew afraid you would see the hurt in my eyes, and I couldn't live any longer like that. A woman's pride is all she has, and to live clear-eyed with herself, she must keep her pride beyond all love. So, one night, I sat down with my love and my pride. I decided I couldn't do without you altogether, in all my world was no one so quaint and dear and difficult and refreshing. But this ghastly love had to die, or my pride and my work and I would go trailing in the dust. I am only a little brown girl and I haven't a strong will—a strong will would perhaps have helped—but I killed that love. Only it was hard to do, so that now I am all tired with that, and with choking my soul with work, and now my heart is all a hard cold lump——"

"You silly, silly Gumpus!" Alexander's voice was infinitely soft, "Ye silly little Gumpus!" (whatever on earth that may be)—I was afraid he would take me in his arms right there as I got off the car. "I knew that first day, of course, whenever your bluebell eyes blinked away your falling hair as you nodded to me, I knew that there would be just werselves." (That's his most Scotch word, "werselves") "I could not ask ye to marry me, lassie, that first day. You were getting the most salary——"

"The most salary! You men and your gey pickle bawbees! Marry you! I didn't want to *marry* you." My face flamed again. "I don't ever want to marry anybody. But if I did, I'd rather sit on the end of the sidewalk and eat a crust with the man I cared for than— It was that I could not wait to know that you *cared*. I

was Irish and you made me *wait*——"

"Doan't, Terry! Listen to me. I never dreamed that you did not know in some heartward woman way that I was at your feet. My dear, my dear, for all your Irish I did not know you were waiting. You flew no sign such as you fear. I hoped, of course, but I did not know till you told me just now that you cared. A man has his pride, too, Terry, but my salary is enough bigger than yours, now, my work a sufficient success—Terry!"

But I only shook my head sorrowfully. "You've been a dear to me, Alexander, in all comradely ways, and I would if I could. What you call brilliance to-night is just frazzled nerves. My heart is cold and hard, it will always be, I think. And I am too tired to talk any more. Now, if you pat me on my terrier head, kindly, as indicated by the look of your eyes, I'll—I'll *bite*!" And then we struck on the fat snag. He was so final in his denunciation, "Anybody'd think you was a *Doukhobor*!"

## CHAPTER II.

FIFTY into twenty-seven, and what room is left for two wide hats? And an awakening to big grey friendly rocks—why, I had been missing rocks all the while and not knowing. And bye-and-bye I could get out and speak to real maples. There are memories of varnished leaves blown up by the wind in the shine of the June sun, of fugitive pools dodging among lively green bushes, of living water whose brisk blue had been all but forgot in a land of brown streams, of jolly, groggy rail-fences and homely tan-bark roads and lanes that were lost in mystery, and in an emerald lake an island all a drift of bloom. A delicate woodland was tamarack, some one said, a subtle, unreal green, light feathery foliage seeking and waving like some sea-thing. Then a shaven and more subdued world still sweet with rose and may. And Toronto with her chestnut blooms unfolding along her streets.

But the streets were surely narrow, so that some constriction came about one's breathing. And suddenly one missed the foreigner on the corner, the

bobbing of gay-kerchiefed heads, the Millet groups, the quaint melange of a Winnipeg Main Street below the City Hall. The Press Folk were beautifully hospitable. I found Alexander's cartoons framed here and there in an editorial office. And they spoke kindly of my horrible talent for monetary matters, and wonderingly, comparing of my fugitive verse. There were satisfying, inactive visits to their lovely golf links, and drives through an endless, rambling real woods they dare to call a park. But, one day, knocking my head against Toronto's sublimely unconscious consciousness of omniscience, I suddenly said within myself, with a gasp of dismay, "I'm a Westerner!" And knocking oftener against that rather wearing consciousness of omniscience, I said out loud, heartily, "I'm a Westerner, glory to God!" But then went on home to see if it were really true, and if already I were looking back at Babylon.

"Mary Anna, Mary Anna, God love you, Mary Anna!" Aunt Brigy laughed and wept and laughed again. Dear old Aunt Brigy who had mothered the brown scrap of a baby that was I, through long, warm careless years! It was my gay young soldier-father, you see, who had got killed so inconsequently but gloriously just before I was born. I was to have been a son, of course. My sweet young mother was going into the shadow after her soldier-lover.

"The baby is Terence," she sighed to Brigy, her old-nurse.

"Tis a bit av a gurr!" Brigy held me to my mother's lips.

"Call her Terence," and my mother was gone.

"What's this at all?" Brigy was "desthroyed intirely," and at a hurried christening, added Mary Ann, "the blissid saints' names." And the brown baby that came to the new country with Aunt Brigy was Mary Ann Terence Fitz-Gerald, if you please. 'Twas an alien folk where she settled, a people who knew not Holy Ireland, nay, who mocked. So "Mary Anna" I was modified to protect me from ribald prejudice. And now dear funny old

Aunt Brigy, all gone puckered and eerie with the years and the "troubles", tucked me into the softest, homiest bed under slanting brown rafters, God-loving me in her soft Celtic, and mourning my thin weariness, and I slept, unutterably content.

And then the days and Mary Anna went lost in an outrageous ease. In the mornings I lay and revelled in the trees at my windows—green leaves nodding in at me welcoming—and revelled the more in the all-gone-ness of yellow-brick apartment-blocks that shut out the *liebe Gott*. The first day at breakfast Jane Driscoll stubbed in blushing, with a bunch of dewy roses—ah, this was my adored East—when before had I had dewy roses for breakfast? I kissed Jane, and, behind her blushing, found her grown very fat, around her mouth and eyes a look as of drab living. Jane and I had gone raspberrying many a hot morning in the fallow-land beyond the wood, and traded sun-bonnets because she preferred the pink frill on mine, and poured water on each other's wrists at noon-tide by the spring in the old hollow stump a-squat in a hoof-marked circle of wet clay. Jane had meant then to be an army nurse with a red cross on her sleeve, and I a missionary to the Chinese. And here she was, blushing before me, fat and drab and house-keeping for an old crabbed father. And here I was, thin and brown and mathematical and ink on my nose. And her eyes were not the comradely eyes of the raspberrying days.

"My brother-in-law, the Inspector, says"—I had been remembering the spring, not listening—"says your 'Dead Sailors' is a very remarkable poem. He thinks you will go far. We are very proud to know a literary celebrity—" Why had her sister Joanna married that high school man? Jane's vocabulary needed rescuing.

"Don't be a silly idiot, Jane," I admonished her. But Jane, stubbing and blushing, had gone. In the fragrance of her roses I forgot her annoying foolishness.

There was a hammock swung under the trees. "Do you know what I'm loving, Aunt Brigy?" Her mystic



I PUT IN A SNAPSHOT OF TERRY WITH HER HEART-SHAPED, AUDACIOUS FACE, AND UNDERNEATH,  
"SHE'S VERRA FOND O' SANDY"

old eyes looked and knew. "The feel av the grass under your fut," she said and wondered. It was a surprise again, and a joy like the grey friendly rocks. The loving-kindness of the grass, how I was folded in it as the days drifted past! Aunt Brigy never quite saw that cave of mine hung high above an asphalted street. She would have died so, without grass under her "fut".

That first night John Doremus loomed up before the lazily-swaying hammock.

"How nice of you to come so soon, John Dough!" And I stood up to

welcome him with both hands. He patted them, two in one of his.

"And how nice of *you* to come home at last, Mary Anna! Your hands are pretty as ever, do you mind how I used to admire them in church?" We laughed at the memory of old blandishments.

"Are you impudent still?" he demanded.

"More impudent."

"And conceited still?"

"You, at least, are rude still. Have the years brought you no grace?"

"Now, isn't this great? Here we are quarreling as comfortably as ever.

Curl back in your hammock, Mary Anna, and I'll sit here on Aunt Brigy's best cushion with the shamrocks on, and you tell me about your frivolous life out there, and I'll tell you about my useful one here." That was a moderately long speech from the John Doremus I remembered. His shoulders were a bit more stooped—he was always heavy-shouldered—and his shag of black hair hung over his low forehead as carelessly as in the days when he had chased me, a fleeing young de'il in a white frock, over his lawn and borrowed me in the name of the Queen, one, two, three. He shut his eyes in the same lazy smile. We quarreled most amicably.

In the morning, Aunt Brigy and Gran'ma Bevins watered their geraniums on either side of a fence of white pickets and gossiped rejoiceful. Whereafter I found Aunt Brigy directing long, speculative looks in my direction.

"What did she say, Brigy jew'l?" I coaxed her.

"Most times she be a mortal liar"—there was no venom in the matter-of-fact statement—"but she do be sayin' that Johnny Doremus has never married, an' him wid the grand farrum and a warden in the church and the prisidint av the agricoolteral sassiety, and she do be whisperin' to me, bless me sowl, that the neighbors do all be sayin' 'tis niver a marry he'll marry till he can get Mary Anna." And she blinked at me with a magnificent solemnity, while I went pink with laughter and finally tumbled out of the hammock and buried my face in her calico petticoats.

"God give you sense, the lot of you! I've heard of one pretty girl he proposed to and one to whom he paid prodigious court through two winters. Sure, a terrible time he'd be having waiting for an omadhaun like me. We're just sort of old cousins. You'll come to an awful end, Aunt Brigy, if you gossip with Gran'ma Bevins over that picket fence."

Faith, I began remembering the old ladies again. Alexander would call them "a when damned auld wives."

But "Betther for you!" Aunt Brigy

muttered darkly at me as she went to dig her potatoes for dinner. And I knew she was thinking of the Man of Worth John Dough had grown to be.

A faint, forgotten music stirred the outrageous ease of me in the hammock on an afternoon when showers and winds had shaken out the fragrance of the flowers, the pungency of the green grass, and the scent of the good brown earth. And I followed the odd, faint music around Gran'ma Bevins' corner to discover (with the same joy of remembering stirred by the grey friendly rocks and the feel of the grass) that it was the ring of the stone on scythes. No smelly street-car for an hour first, but just around one's own corner the melody and flashing of birds, the shadows of clouds over the long grass, the shine of buttercups, the white-and-gold of daisies, the tree-bordered fields of new sweet hay, the old-fashioned ring of the stone on scythes. Suddenly I was on my knees, face buried in delicious purple clover. The sweetness of that honey-heavy, honey-perfumed patch of purple clover cured a lot more crumples out of my spirit, and I went softly on to the tangled church-yard on the slope up the road where all my people were lying at rest under their white marble crosses in the shadow of the old lichen-ened church. My own people! And, long after, I went softly back, a tenderer Mary Anna than had been.

In Aunt Brigy's stiff little parlor I found a solid lot of women arrayed for presentation.

"How nice of you to come to see me! And how odd that you should all have happened at once! I'm sorry to have kept you waiting." I was shaking hands, my heart warm to their quick friendliness. But it hadn't happened, it seemed. They weren't personally calling on me at all. This was a deputation from the Women's Club to The Lady-who-wrote, and they said bromidy things to me, and would I speak to their club on a day named?

It was my holiday and there were the nerves and the never having spoken in public. But there were too many of them and they were fluent, with plenty of stress, and I had grown

unused to women. I consented, but the warmth in my heart was gone. Aunt Brigy looked disapprovingly at my short blue cotton frock and scarfed panama on the day I went forth, a pen-and-ink offering. "Lady lecturers," she insisted, "wear dresses wid thrains to thim."

It was a chastened meeting of the "pome, prayer, and paper-on-progress" sort. I just told them of some of the writing folk I knew, especially of what some western women were doing. They came out of their inhuman propriety after a while and asked some questions, and we parted good friends.

Came a peaceful Sunday of bells calling over the fields, and old ladies in black going decorously by to church, old ladies grown prodigiously older than I had remembered, old ladies with one cotton-gloved hand carrying a black parasol of some forgotten vintage and one cotton-gloved hand resting above their high old stomachs, old ladies following old men bent over tapping sticks, the feet of the children along the afternoon way, unnaturally frizzed children with subdued feet and Golden Text expressions, and in the evening the muslin girls and their squeaky-soled beaux going endlessly down the hill and around the square, and all day long the friendly week-day spirit stiffened into a solemn reserve, the reserve greatest towards those of a differing communion.

After that, calamities crowded around my hammock. The Parson came to call. He was not the round, whiskered, human padre of our youth, but a lean, ascetic man with mouth awry from conflicts with earthy tendencies, and an odd hunching of his shoulders when he spoke. He brought me some Church literature out of compliment to my presumed tastes. He inquired about the churches in Winnipeg, the spiritual pastors and masters thereof, but when he got to my own parochial activities I headed him off by a Machiavellian allusion to his garden, of which I had fortunately heard. It was his enthusiasm, but what do you think that man said? Why, that he and his wife loved the

garden and the gardening so that they got up early in the mornings to give it their best, and, then, when they found themselves loving it greatly, they had cut out their gardening as too selfish a pleasure except for a certain necessary time each day. He mentioned my wonderfully wide opportunities for influencing the world for good, and I was pretty thankful when he reached the matter of a contribution to the new baptismal font. I could meet him there for the first time, and for the first time he got a tangible response and went away with a slant smile.

Then "The Weekly Echo" made almost a column about "the native daughter, Miss Mary Anna Fitzgerald, who, under her quaint pen-name of 'Terry Fitz', had brought glory not only to her native town and country, but to all of Canada." The United States was permitted to share the glory, having published for Terry Fitz. Her brilliant school career was reviewed, her journeyings mentioned, her work in Winnipeg all got wrong, her future—oh, wirra, wirra, to be pointed at with pride by an odious local paper!

The depression of it was still upon me, though lessening under John Dough's lazy chuckle of amusement as he read, when Aunt Brigy fluttered excitedly towards us—"Mayor Marshall's comin' up the path," She tugged at my sulky shoulder, "Sure he's the darlin' fine man!" He was the real anointed in public affairs, all right, explicitly a J. P., heavy watch-chain over a prosperous frontage, and the air of one who sat with frequency and with emphasis on important committees. In the days when I was a leggy brown tom-boy, he had come back, a slim young lieutenant, from some North-West rebellion, and, the glamour of warfare round and about him, he had been much at Aunt Brigy's by reason of a wistful-eyed sewing-girl who stayed with us that winter. But he married the smug daughter of the prosperous farmer whose acres touched his own. The wistful-eyed sewing-girl had later married a man who drove the delivery wagon for the grocery. Now the Mayor sat in the best rocker

and talked in ponderous periods while the flower-petals closed.

"I read your 'Vagrant' in last month's 'Tracks and Trails,'" he announced.

"Oh, thank you!"

John Dough choked. But the Mayor waved aside my gratitude and smiled in slow reminiscent savouring of a phrase.—"You spoke of the *per-son-el* of the wagon-party—*per-son-el*"—he smiled indulgently—"One picks up those queer western phrases, I guess, unconsciously."

My gravity stood the shock, but I changed the subject hastily. "Tell me about yourself, Mayor Marshall."

"Oh, I stay on here, I stay on here." He crossed a foot over his knee—pretty soon he couldn't. "John Mabee, he come back from Ottawa last week—'there's two things always here when I come back,' he says, 'Frank Marshall and the big weeping-willow by the Town Hall, the man and the tree'—he's very witty, John Mabee. But the tree grows and so does the man. I am Mayor for my second term now. Oh, we grow prosperous *and* infloential."

"And your family?"

"The wife is not so well—not so well—but she drives about. I got her a new canopy-top this year. Lucinda is fourteen now, ah yes, fourteen and tall. She is your sort, I wanted to tell you about her, she will come and show you her poems. We'd like your opinion on them. We laid the corner-stone of our new church last month, and Lucinda's poem celebrating the event was published in last week's 'Guardian'. You will judge of her promise. Ah, my dear young lady, you must not be so modest" (I had protested against playing judge)—"not so modest, ah, no, we read what 'The Critic' said of you last winter" (he read too much, confound him!)—"So I came to pay my tribute to Success, ah yes, Success."

"The old blatherskite!" said John Dough as Aunt Brigy attended the Mayor to her honored gate. And then he saw my face. "Good God, Mary Anna," he growled, "Do they *all* talk to you like that?"

I had never heard even a mild swear

from John before and I was very much impressed and greatly comforted.

"Every last one of them," I told him, "Jane Driscoll and the Woman's Club and that odious paper, and the bleak padre and that blatant Mayor, every last one of them, John Dough, but you and Aunt Brigy. Oh Lor!" I sat up in a passion of protest. "Why can't I just belong humanly?" I demanded. "Haven't I fought with their children, and stolen green apples from their orchards and helped marry their daughters and flirted with their sons—"

"You have that." John Dough's agreement was whole-hearted. "Come on for a drive in the moonlight, Mary Anna, and forget them."

For a muzzy week or more the skies went weeping. Reading maketh a full anybody and I was stodgy from overmuch magazines. Bleak a bit in the spirits, too, missing the understanding and mirth of the paper folk, and almost ready, like Edmond Rostand, to hide under the table to avoid my callers who had nothing to say the like of which I had been used to hear.

And just here began to arrive by frequent mail Alexander's diabolically clever series of sketches, "The Moods of Winnipeg," wordless, delicately beautiful, knocking at my memories.

The first was a twisted ribbon of river at the soft going down of the sun, wistful, blurring reflections of full green leaf and mahogany bank and vagrant canoes, and, citywards, dim grey towers with misted fire at the loop-holes.

And I remembered, as he had meant me to remember, the *Fairy Mood*—the long, sweet August day at St. Norbert, green and enticing and Catholic and French, in an atmosphere of other-worldliness, brown-habited Brothers and the quiet Saints in the convent niches and the soft-footed Sisters shepherding homeless babes—then the paddle home along the green-and-gold banks of the Red River into a city nothing a-stare and nothing noisy, but leavened with the magic of a luminous mist, so that an erstwhile ugly brewery became an enchanted castle and all the unrelenting outlines of an aggres-

sive and angular architecture grew softly indefinite.

I grinned a bit at Alexander's canniness, put the picture away in my deepest trunk, and went for an ice-cream with John Dough. One of the attentions that all young men at home pay to the muslin girls is to take them to a stuffy ice-cream parlor in a bake-shop and nourish them with corn-starch frozen.

The next was another twisted ribbon of river, low so that the ripple of the molten current showed the hid stones, the banks were massed richnesses of Autumn's staining—he had somehow brushed in the most heart-hushing stillness—and at a turning of a path by a brown bush a woman waited, quiet to weirdness, on her face some strange, exquisite prophecy.

And again I remembered, as again he had meant me to remember, the *Mood of Waiting*. Never was such an October in the pungent, frosty West. Day after day the sky was smoothly blue, the air hushed and listening, the evenings smokily purple as in the East. A strange moon rose at night, smudged-crimson and smoky-amber like a diverted setting sun. It was uncanny the way the breeze never moved, nor the dust lifted, nor any rain hinted, while the Assiniboine dried between her banks, and a look of wonder that held a hint of uneasiness crept beneath the basky enjoyment that, for the moment, softened the keen, bronzed faces of the western city. In the massed trees along the winding rivers were warmth and richnesses of color-maturity not often granted them in a land where, their green joy done, death usually was sudden, brown and shrivelled. There were rich russets that almost glowed into deep crimson, and all the wealth of tones down to shimmery pale-gold. The rose-tangles and the underbrush and haws made a soft red warp for the upper weave of green merged with gold, and gold toned to bronze, and bronze deepened to brown. And nothing in all the wood moved save when an old faded leaf, too tired for glory, floated with soft weary grace down to a turf unbelievably May-fresh in an October world.

This time I shivered a bit at Alexander's uncanniness, but put the picture away in my deepest trunk, and drove ten miles with John Dough to see a base-ball match. At the next town they had a professional team, and the young men and the muslin girls all drove to the matches and rooted after their sort and kept note of the averages.

The third was a spread city, indistinct and dwarfed under the dark-blue night sky that comes with glinting frost. And, flung petulantly along the dark were waving wisps and trails of elusive curling color that now seemed to lift and drift in whimsical aimlessness, and now were caught and tangled by a wayward hand, and now were disquietingly gone.

It was the *Woman Mood* he meant. But I, looking at the reckless, impatient, fantastic making and breaking of the beauty of the sky that night, had thought it a woman-mood of God, rather than of the city, God in a woman-mood loving and smoothing and flaunting and flying the rapture of color, the preciousness of beauty, the splendor of illuminance—then, incorrigibly ennuied, tearing the phantasmal irradiation, disturbing the harmony only to incredibly create further harmony, tormenting the ravishing rose and unearthly green of a blown spirit-garment—then carelessly brushing all the distracting, ghostly loveliness away behind the blue, and turning to the chill sweetness of the infinite stars.

But Alexander found the *Woman Mood* in the city, too. We had but just come from laying frankincense at the feet of a little, little baby, and the gay flicker of spirit on the white face of the girl-mother who used to have a desk in the office, her eerie flaunting of joy in the face of death—it was as heart-shattering as the softness of the baby's head under wandering lips, and the curling of a pink palm around Alexander's inquisitive, awkward, index finger.

Petulant beauty, a white joy, a baby's soft head—I turned the key on that quick-flung picture, the silly heart of me beating up into my throat, but I turned the key. After that, the

pictures went to join the lost in the trunk as they came in the mail, unopened.

### CHAPTER III.

I WAS going at last with John Doremus to visit his aunt and cousins on the farm. They all lived in the patriarchal fashion in that part of the East. For the first time since I had come home, I really looked at myself as I dressed before the oval mirror, looked at myself gravely and long, looked at myself long and smiling. "Aunt Brigy," I called, "look!"

She peered at me gravely and long, then peered at me long and smiling. "God love ye!" she said, "you look like Mary Anna at last, the Saints be praised! But ye look," she shook her old head at me, "full av divilmint, full," she said, "av onendin' divilmint." The outrageous ease and the long wet days and the clover in the fields and old John Dough and darling Aunt Brigy and the feel of the grass and my own people under their white marble crosses and the friendly trees and the roses for breakfast, all the dullness, all the dearness had tied up the frazzled nerves all tidy and rested the tired brown face of me until it looked back out of my mirror rounded to the old heart-shape, a warm rose beating under the brown, the eyes not so eerily big now, and the brown-black hair curling more than a terrier's really ought. Aunt Brigy and I laughed at each other with amazing levity and I put on a distracting frock of palest rose and tied a long rose veil over my droopy white hat and set forth with John Dough on excellent terms with the world, the flesh and the devil.

"What are all these parcels cluttering up the buggy?" I demanded.

"Your supper, partly," John told me frankly and pushed as many as he could under the seat.

The afternoon was adorable, not hot enough to subdue one, and all green and gold and blue, an audacious, dancing Pan-day. John, driving home to his aunt, looked so like duty and every-day, with his supper under the seat, and parcels in his pockets, that I was moved to tempt him. "Let's

run away," I said, "let's not go to your aunt's. Look at the fields! Listen to the grasshoppers! Sniff this heavenly air! You've spent your life going home to your aunt, John Dough. Let's just follow this road down the hill and run away!"

John looked at the parcels, he looked at the road, he looked at my naughty eyes behind the wayward curls, and he suddenly laughed out loud and young as I had never heard him laugh, and turned old Billy down the hill.

"Let's go fast," I urged, "let's go just lickety-pelt."

And lickety-pelt we flew, the staid horse and the staid buggy and the staid John all rather aghast at themselves lickety-pelting along the staid macadam road. We forgot about the supper under the seat till my white shoe suddenly showed a crimson stain. There were those wretched supper strawberries pouring all over the dusty bottom of the buggy. We gathered them up laughing and gasping over what John's aunt would say, and the rural post-mistress, jogging past with her leather bags, looked suspiciously and sternly at me and nodded severely to John. We drove on and on by delicious fields of clover, past sun-spiced pines, through lanes where trees met above us, and along the edge of shaded blue waters, dawdling mostly, flirting perhaps—I mentioned being on good terms with the devil—and we arrived at John's Aunt Emily's at six o'clock instead of three, and the tea waiting since five. John looked reckless as he handed out the supper strawberries, vouchsafing no explanation to his indignant relatives, and went away to put up the horse; while I explained we had gone for a little drive, and hadn't meant to be so long, and better wash the strawberries twice, the—the—roads were rather dusty, and how young Aunt Emily looked, and what a pretty frock Cousin Betty was wearing, and I had heard of Elmira's popularity with the neighbor boys, and Aunt Brigy sent them her love and a doilie of Irish lace, and wasn't I growing fine and fat?

Supper and milking over and the hired men gone and the frost in the



"LET'S GO FAST," I URGED—"LET'S JUST GO LICKETY-PELT!"

atmosphere lessened, my hat and dress and all visible appurtenances of clothing were examined and commented upon, and I answered or dodged personal and impersonal questions till I could make John take me home.

"My, but you are a lucky girl!" Elmira envied me in a rather pretty, complaining voice. I don't know of what detail this was apropos as they pried, but I forbore revealing to her the ache of the eyes over proof-reading, the rush at copy-time, the dusty

desks and clicking type-writers, the cussedness of printers, the often late hours, the general ink on the nose—she was so much happier envying me. I grew more glad that John and I had run away from a few hours of this, and I made him take me home as soon as I decently dared, pleading Aunt Brigy.

The queer, warm currents that had been beating up under my skin all day were chilled now, the "divilmint" was gone. Air can only temporarily charm

an ache. And here in the moonlight the ache was growing very poignant, the ache of losing my path in the home-wood, the ache of missing the happening of things, the ache that Alexander's *Woman Mood* had brought beating into my throat. The heavy horse stodged along the fifth concession, atoning for his lickety-pelting of the afternoon, the moonlight swooned above the fragrant, misty fields, somewhere crickets shrilled, somewhere frogs bubbled, long ago our talk had died away in the wake of the moon.

Some vagrant breeze lifted my rose veil against John Dough's dream-ing face. He caught some in his teeth, turned tense and white to me, vision-ing in the moonlight the heart-shattering curling of a pink baby-palm around a granite Scotchman's awkward, inquisitive finger, shocked me wide awake by some new quality of strain in his usually so-lazy voice. "Mary Anna, don't go away ever again. Stay home and marry me."

God in heaven, what was the matter with all the men? My good old friend, John Dough!

"John Dough," I said, startled and angry, "don't be any more foolish than the Lord made you! Whip up that horse and drive me home as fast as ever you can." But John Dough caught my hands. "I have loved you all my life, Mary Anna. But you were always so scornfully merry and so hard. And you were so clever and ambitious. And I let you go and waited. And then you came back so tired and worn, softer than I had ever dreamed of you. You have been different—and I thought——"

I struggled for the whip or the reins, but he held me still. "Stay here, Mary Anna," he pleaded, "look how rested you are, all your own self again,—you may write all you want—we will go away—anything now, for times are good. Mary Anna, I love you—I want you——"

"Oh, how *could* you, John?" I panted. "The weariness and softness were because of another man——"

"But all summer you——"

"I didn't—how could I know?—they were all so tiresome putting me

on a cold old pedestal—all but you—and we were such good old friends—oh, John, drive me home!"

What *had* that mad day done to him? Staid, quiet, lazy, good old John! With a queer, white face and reckless, blazing eyes he caught me into a fierce embrace, kissing me on my bare rebellious lips until I somehow, praying to God, got one arm free enough to strike old Billy with the stinging whip. And while Billy plunged and the buggy rocked and John came dazedly back to some of his senses, I found myself beating in some white, primitive, outraged anger at John's stricken face.

"Don't touch me," I moaned, when he would have helped me from the buggy at the gate, "and never come near me again."

And I threw myself on the white bed under Aunt Brigy's brown rafters, threw myself and my rose frock and my rose veil and the strawberry-stained shoes down in an agony of grief, and rage, and humiliation, and self-reproach, and revelation; for I, who had no gift of tears, cried desperately till dawn, while the hard cold lump finally melted away, and I knew that the only thing in all God's earth that I wanted now and always, East or West, asphalt or daisies, was just Alexander.

So, in the dawn, I rose and wrote to him. I have to be honest or die, and I told him everything. And because I am Irish and my heart lifting suddenly with the writing, I put in a snapshot of a few days before, Terry with her heart-shaped, audacious face in her summer braveries of frills in a gay green world, and underneath, "She's verra fond o' Sandy". This was all my admission. The rest was maist confession.

And then, God bless him, knowing intuitively my need, he wired, "She's ma dearie, ma unco' dearie"—he had told me once it was my high truth he loved me for. But Alexander was growing quite human. Fancy his banging his perfectly good saxpences like that! Still, it was never saxpences Alexander was ungenerous with.

## CHAPTER IV.

HE has started his new illustrated paper now. The "old thief of an uncle" opportunely crossed the Styx, and Alexander has enough capital for the independent journalism he craved. He is quite mad about the West, but he thinks our papers, the Winnipeg ones chiefly, are a bit bleak, reflect most dully the warm, various-colored life around them. And he wants, too, to emphasize more a Canada of the spirit in contrast to the material advantages we are so prideful over. I look forward to great fun when his satiric pencil gets after some of the frantic local politics of the West. His "A wee fou" rocked the city with laughter and never mind your party politics. He is gathering about him a staff to send dull goblins flitting.

I am to have a page of my own. Because I was weighted to solidity for so long, I shall call it "Bubbles". Alexander has done me a drapy lady with dreamy hair blowing shiny, soapy, iridescent bubbles across a summer meadow. And my page shall be lightness and foolishness and color and joy and dreams.

For the rest, I'm going to drop myself where every woman belongs, into the deeps and restfulness of her man's bigness. But because I never want to rest long, there is the excitingness of Alexander. He is of such great sweetness and of such sudden quaint gnarliness, he says the most outrageous things with the face of a sucking saint, he has a wonderful amount of what would be quiet insolence towards the world were it not tempered by his frank, freckled smile. The awful squareness of his jaw is softened by his adorable mouth. I am so glad he is

over six feet, big and rich and warm, I am so proud he doesn't care a damn, I am so in love with his tousled yellow hair. When he comes in from an outdoor expedition his fair skin is so aflame beneath that fury of hair and his scowl of eyebrows that he looks like a terrifying Northern warrior. ("Face like raw beef," sneered All-Night Algernon, from behind his cigarette smoke. "Face like raw dough," I flung back at him, handing him a pocket-mirror. No more Orpheum tickets thereafter for Terry Fitz. A-weel!) He has the deepest bass that ever woman thrilled to, with a coax to its deepness that draws the heart right out of your body. I fancy he has always gone loved by women. I can see the Aberdeen lasses idling for him—and no fault of his, I'm sure—his granite apartness would never even know. His absence is growing big in the days. Yesterday he sent me our paper's cover design in all its blazon and braveries. To-day there was a little sketch of a small brown girl and a big fair man seated on the last board of a dilapidated sidewalk nibbling at a single crust.

He is coming for me when the woods are red. Aunt Brigy says "it bangs Banagher" and "Ochone" and she's "clane bate wid it," and to myself I add "Wirra, Wirra, for the Scotch granite of him and the impulsive Irish of me."

I went to-day to see the wistful-eyed sewing-girl, and she has a soul of porcelain instead of the brown-delf one of the Mayor.

I have one grief. I can never be an O' now.

But he's coming when the woods are red.





WHEN THIS "ALASKAN HOLDUP" WAS FIRST TRIED OUT, THE ACTOR BEHIND THE DOGS SHOUTED "GEE!" AND "HAW!" IN VAIN TO THE HUSKIES WHO REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE HIS OX-TEAM VOCABULARY

# The Magicians of the Movies

By Sarah Helen Starr

Illustrated from Photographs

Courtesy  
Republic  
Film Co.

NICKELS and dimes, collectively, are of as much importance as five dollar gold pieces, all of which goes to say that a great quantity of those small amounts paid in daily to the moving picture people has hurt all sorts of other business, and especially the legitimate theatre. Henry W. Savage says that the auto

has made inroads upon first floor audiences, vaudeville and pictures combined take the balcony while pictures take the whole gallery *en masse*. The news-of-the-world photos on the two front pages of the weekly magazines are lessening in interest for in Pathe's and other weeklies one can see world doings of importance actually

taking place in the country where they happened. These have been caught by great numbers of watchful camera men all over the globe.

Of course, the slight cost of entering the picture show has a great deal to do with its popularity, but there are more reasons than that. The question of time is quite as important in this busy world. Business men, shoppers and school children can "drop in" to see a show whenever it is convenient. They are short enough not to tire one's patience and varied enough to suit all. Historical pageants please the serious, comedy the care-free and melodrama the emotional.

The change in attitude of the film companies is very interesting. Several years ago the "movies" were rather forced upon an unwilling public. It was quite the thing to leave a vaudeville house when the pictures began to appear. The companies had to offer great inducements to actors to work in their pictures, and only the poorer ones, with no hope of advancement in the profession, would pose for the camera. The film companies paid these well and furnished the costumes. When a company went into the Adirondack woods for snow pictures they were furnished with fur coats and caps, woolen stockings, moccasins, etc., to provide for their comfort and keep them contented. For what director could tell when a New York manager would telegraph for one of its actors and the latter would return to the footlights?

Money dignifies many professions and breaks down barriers of prejudice, so more and more of the profession saw the advantages of picture work and fairly clamored for its rewards. Now, only actors with years of experience to their credit will be considered for "leads" in the pictures. The film companies have become quite independent with the great growth in their business and no longer pay exceptionally high salaries except to the members of their stock companies.

The plot of a picture follows the scenario or written story outline which some writer has sold to the company. Most of the harrowing melodrama

which one sees has been written to fit a location. The company perhaps goes into a region where great rocks and precipices abound. Then the scenario editor, or director, or somebody connected with the firm writes a story of love and intrigue in which he can use that hanging shelf of rocks or this particular cave to advantage. The result is a melodrama with no particular point in view, except to be so full of excitement and action that our eye must work fast to follow the "harrow." Pictures of this sort—made to fit a location—are the poorest produced, because anyone could write such stuff and audiences themselves realize this. Some companies have all their scenarios written "at home" and at times by one man, but he soon runs out of clever ideas and proves beyond a doubt that the company must buy of outside professional writers or soon go to the wall. And, so, now, almost all the firms buy their stories from writers and pay anywhere from \$10 to \$200 for them, according to what they are worth. It is said that our cowboy Western pictures are much in demand abroad, especially in Italy.

The companies produce from two to five pictures a week according to their capital and equipment. One company has not bought scenarios from outside writers for two years because they are specializing in the production of stories taken from the best literature and history, and these can easily be arranged by their scenario editor from the books themselves. It is a bad plan for writers to attempt to dramatize books for the film as most of these will cause copyright complications.

There are thirty studios in this country where moving pictures are taken, some of them large buildings, glass covered, and with space for many stages to be used at the same time. The actors rarely have an idea what the entire story is about but do the separate scenes as they are directed. The stage manager or "director" says, "Enter right, kiss your mother who weeps by the table, clasp your sweetheart tenderly and, taking your gun from the wall, say 'Farewell'." A scene is usually rehearsed once or twice.

Then the camera begins to turn. The actors "fit the word to the deed" and compose lines as they act to make the whole more realistic to themselves and the picture on the screen more convincing.

When an actor first applies for work in a picture concern she or he is usually put on a few times in mob scenes to see how the features photograph. All actors at first thought they were fitted for picture work, but many find the "posing" very different, from what they expected. A successful actor may have been particularly valuable because of his flawless enunciation, which, of course, is valueless in the pictures. Another may have been a splendid singer with a remarkable taste in gowning—all of which is good in its own sphere. The picture actor must be an expert pantomimist, and in these days of suppressed emotions on the legitimate stage the old Shakespearean type of actor whose dramatic outbursts carry him all over the place is rare.

If the actor has made good in a few mob scenes and can ride a horse, swim and be otherwise useful in outdoor scenes he may, in time, be asked to join the stock company at a regular salary.

Some actors depend on the bright lights, the music and an artistic setting for their inspiration. Some of the best professionals do badly in rehearsal, only to rise to heights supreme on "first nights". The picture actor has no such inspiration. His acting must come from within. Only too often he does an emotional scene in a cold, bleak exterior immediately after breakfast in the morning.

Professional actors hired by the day earn from five dollars up according to their value and reputation. "Supes" earn about three dollars but are many times more bother than they are worth. A band of these will charge over a hill and storm a fort with great dash and spirit in the rehearsal, only to be struck stiff with fear when the camera begins to turn. One of their number often falls down in the wrong place, causing involuntary leap-frogging by those

behind, and the whole has to be done over again.

Stock actors earn from forty dollars a week up to two hundred dollars or more. Mabel Taliaferro, who was especially engaged to play in "Cinderella" earned more for her services than she has ever done in a whole season on the road. Bernhardt received thirty thousand dollars for posing in "Camille," and Rejane a fortune in "Madame Sans-Gene." Some actresses in New York prefer to work by the day than to belong to the regular stock of one company. One emotional actress, formerly a protegee of Frohman, earns fifteen dollars a day from the different companies who hire her. "I can do a scene or so for the B— Company in the morning, and if they are through with me can go to the F— Company in the afternoon, receiving a full day's pay from each firm. When the photography turns out badly 'retakes' must be taken and I have another day or so of posing the scenes over again all of which is paid for at the regular rate."

The picture actress has many advantages over her professional sister. She can stay in one city month in and month out; nor does she have to pack and "live in a trunk" as she must on the road. She can have a home and does not need to be separated from her husband. Her savings bank account can grow normally as it is not subjected to the jolts which it would receive when confronted by excessive hotel rates in small towns or robbery in station lunch rooms. Neither are the attentions of the stage-door "johnny" forced upon her, for she goes to the studio in the morning and leaves before dark. Her hours are those of people in other lines of business and not the impossible fly-by-night ones which rob one of beauty sleep. Best of all she can criticise her own work. The chief reason why we have so many poor actors is that they cannot see themselves. Some of these have corrected faults of speech by use of the phonograph, but the picture actor is brought face to face with his own shortcomings when he sees his work on the screen. One

company requires that all its stock players come to the studio Wednesday evenings when the pictures of the preceding week are run off. Each actor then sees and studies his own weakness and, if he is wise, improves accordingly.

The profession of acting has not been one reputed for its healthfulness—the familiar figure of the long, sallow, lean actor only too vividly makes one think of long rehearsals in a musty, dim-lit, cold theatre, a make-up put on in a small room, dusty with flying powder, and a late bed-time hour. Picture work is one of the most health-

film. The actress who runs out of the house with her child in her arms must dodge the flames to escape bad burns.

A certain picture story demanded that there be a collision between two trains in a tunnel. The company journeyed over to the Jersey side from New York and followed two tracks to the opening of a large tunnel. Suburban trains come and go through this tunnel at the rate of about one every two minutes. The director decided to take the picture of a receding train with its smoke issuing from the mouth of the tunnel and immediately follow it by the appearance of the fainting



*Courtesy of Reliance Co.*

PRINCESS MONA DARKFEATHER, ONE OF THE LEADING ACTRESSES OF INDIAN PARTS, AND IRVING CUMMINGS, LEADING MAN OF A WELL-KNOWN MOVING PICTURE COMPANY

ful professions in the world when the outdoor scenes are taken. Of course, there are hardships and dangers connected with this as well. Much of the riding is bareback and that takes skill. Several actors have been drowned while swimming in the open ocean for shipwreck pictures. Jack London's camera man took great chances on a wooded island in the South Seas when he photographed a panther.

The burning of a cottage is often produced by taking strips of old film and running these under the eaves and about the foundation of a building. These are then lighted, producing splendid flame and much smoke which runs around the house with great rapidity, following the path of the

and injured people being carried out into the air. It was necessary for the actors to go into the dark tunnel and stand on the opposite track while the train thundered through, then dash through the smoke to the track over which the train had just passed and out into the air before the camera. The time had to be calculated to a second and a switchman hired to watch the signals, for only a minute could be used before two more trains would dash in and out of the tunnel.

One daring actor jumped off Brooklyn bridge for the camera, but such thrillers have no great value, as audiences are more horrified than elated with such risks. Another leaped across a great gap between two rocks

at the Dells in Wisconsin, causing a thriller film and some notoriety. In one instance a loaded revolver was used by mistake, exploding in the very face of an actor seated across a card table from another. The victim was not killed, but almost completely lost his eyesight and the matter cost the picture concern a pretty sum of money in exchange for which the actor received some meager satisfaction and agreed not to talk to the papers.

When animals are used a director has real troubles. Even a trained horse must be rehearsed again and

them, for they did not know his voice, nor appreciate his ox-team vocabulary. The man who could control them was no actor. The company were puzzled. Someone had a bright thought and suggested that the dogs always turned off there because they smelled their home camp in that direction. After that the scene was done from another cut in the woods from which their noses could be pointed homeward, and later, whenever the dogs were used, they had to be photographed at a time of day when the sun and the location suited the stubborn animals.



*Courtesy the Lubin Co.*

INTERIOR OF A MOVING PICTURE STUDIO SHOWING THE DIFFERENT STAGES. ON ONE AN ACTOR ENTERS RIGHT, KISSES HIS MOTHER, AND, TAKING DOWN HIS GUN FROM THE WALL, SAYS FAREWELL! WHILE AT HIS LEFT ELBOW ANOTHER MAN CONFESSES TO A PRIEST IN PRISON OR RESCUES A FAINTING HEROINE FROM A BURNING BUILDING

again for the scenes of the story, but when untrained animals are used production becomes so expensive that it is almost without profit. They will run in the wrong direction time after time and waste many feet of film. A string of Alaskan huskies attached to a dog-sled were supposed to be caught by the camera as they dashed through a cut in the pine trees after the villain, who had preceded them on foot. The dogs would come just to the cut, then turn and go off in the opposite direction. The actor who rode behind them shouted "gee" and "haw" (right and left) in vain. He had no control over

Cold and heat alike have to be endured by the picture people. A company doing snow pictures along the Maine border made many picture stories near a lumber camp when the weather was twenty below zero. A fire was always started so that the actors who were not in some of the scenes could be kept from freezing, and dinner was brought from a nearby hotel in fireless cookers and thermos bottles. This same company spent a season in Arizona riding horseback at breakneck speed many days when their eyes were burning red in the hot sun, or doing touching love scenes in a

cactus desert with the sun scorching their shirts.

Very funny things constantly occur in each company. One of these came near having a tragic ending. A troupe were sent to Lake Tahoe in California to take a few realistic Indian pictures in the woods. One day a bewhiskered and swarthy actor in hunter's clothes was dragging the blonde ingenue by her hair when an old hunter rushed out from his cabin and was about to shoot the brute. The hunter had been lost to civilization for so long that he had never heard of

from the crowd of bystanders danced a hornpipe. And he had done it well too—so well that the whole action of the story would have been lost to an audience. No one had noticed this when the scene was taken but, of course, the whole had to be taken over.

A certain story began by Gertrude saying good-bye to her lover from her front door steps in June. Bushes bloomed near the step and the sun shone brightly. The next scene carried the story to winter before the same steps, so it was necessary that the film people transform one season into



*Courtesy the Lubin Co.*

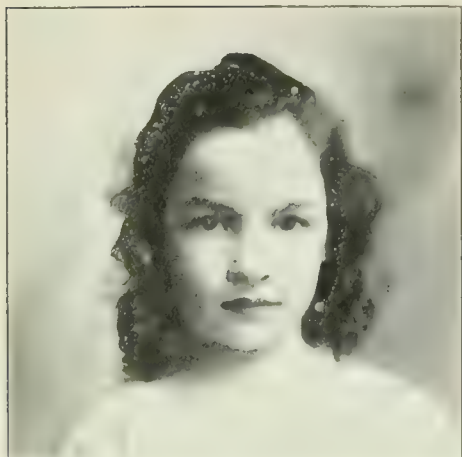
EVERY MOVING PICTURE STUDIO HAS A WELL-EQUIPPED WARDROBE ROOM, WHERE ANYTHING FROM A MAN-DARIN'S CEREMONIAL COSTUME TO A NEWSBOY'S RAGS MAY BE FOUND. A COMPANY WHO WENT INTO THE ADIRONDACKS FOR SNOW SCENES WAS COMPLETELY OUTFITTED WITH FUR COATS AND CAPS, MOCCASINS, WOOLLEN STOCKINGS, AND UNDERWEAR BY THE FILM COMPANY

moving pictures, and the director, hero and supes were forced to dash the gun from his hands and forcibly hold him until the matter could be explained.

One day a crowd of "supes" were gathered together for a scene on a city street. The heroine and other actors were stationed at the centre for the main action. All had been rehearsed, so the scene was played and recorded by the camera. What a surprise when the film was run off for the first time in the studio! The interest of the picture was not at the center at all but one's attention was immediately drawn to the right corner where some freak

another by scattering white powder and "fake" snow over the ground and putting a dark glass over the camera shutter to make the day seem dreary.

A travelling man once remarked to a moving picture owner who sat next him in the Pullman that he wished he were in the moving picture business himself. "You do, eh?" remarked the moving picture man, sardonically. But the travelling man persisted. "Why, you people find a few mountains for a setting, throw in a couple of love scenes and send the film all over the world to be sold at a big profit."



*Courtesy the Reliance Co.*  
EDITH HALDEMAN, A "JUVENILE" WHOSE FACE IS  
FAMILIAR TO MOST MOVING PICTURE "FANS"

Whereupon the film man began to talk about his troubles.

"The country is not all ours," he began. "We had just picked out an ideal spot in the Adirondacks for a battle when the man who owned the property rode along and said we had better consider ourselves on the other side of that fence, and that he had never had any use for picture concerns anyway."

Then the film manufacturer went on to tell how they hunt locations. As soon as a company arrives in a new country the directors spend several days in driving about to find beautiful settings for scenes in each story to be produced. Some of these scenes of out-door grandeur are the very thing the audience carries away in its mind when the story has been forgotten. At times one exclaims with rapture over that nearby valley or distant high mountain with its pines brought into relief against a perfect sky. The sun is just right there at noon and all is well until one of the party catches sight of the ever-present telegraph poles and wires which bisect the view. Impossible to an audience, for such a scene must give the impression that it is far from civilization. Every colonial home, broken down spring house or babbling brook is noted by the picture people for future use and often a whole story is built extemporaneously, as it

were, about a particularly novel setting.

Arranging the scenes is one of the most complicated problems which the director must work out. If he is producing several stories that week and in each of these there are several separate scenes to be enacted in a given location, he usually does these one after the other on the same day, thus saving much valuable time. In the studio too, all the scenes to be done before certain scenery are done in succession so that the place can be cleared for a new "set". Of course, the process is confusing to the actors in the story, but that is where their adaptability and experience in changing from role to role comes in. If each story were produced or acted out scene by scene in the order it appears in the picture theatre, the company of actors would continually be bobbing from place to place.

One might ask how the story is finally put together to be run off from one long film. Say that the scenes are taken according to accessibility to location and not in exact conformity to the story. Perhaps the whole plot includes twenty scenes. The director has numbered these on the scenario which he holds in his hand. Now, he finds that scenes five, eight and seventeen are to be taken on Jones's porch, so he decided to take these three bits of acting in succession. Just before the scenes are taken someone holds out cardboard numbers five, eight and seventeen before the camera, and by a couple of turns of the camera crank the correct number of that scene is recorded. When the complete film of that story is sent to a city laboratory for development an assistant there, whether he knows the first thing about the story or not, can "splice the film"—that is he can cut the film where each number appears, and reattach the pieces in their correct order from scenes one to twenty.

Much time is wasted on certain days because the sun is not out or because it rains or snows. All that time the company has its expenses of salaries to its actors and directors. The companies which have large studios can

usually make a "fake" exterior on bad weather days and thus finish a story which must be on the market the day it has been promised. One company had taken a story in a snowy out-door setting in winter. One scene had to be taken over, but in the meantime the snow had completely melted. Clever stage hands rigged up a studio snow setting for this one scene and when the whole story was "run off" the most observing spectator did not recognize the difference.

Many companies have gone to cold regions for snow pictures and found this an extremely expensive process, as the danger and trouble from "static" is so frequent. "Static", or electricity in the film, appears at ordinary temperatures when the film is too old; and is caused in cold regions by friction as it moves around in the camera. On the developed picture the film shows half transparent trees in the background, or is as if marked by streaks of lightning, and cannot be sold if it is very bad. Of thirty-four picture stories taken in the north woods in winter by one of the largest firms in the business, twenty-five were full of static. Imagine the loss of money in that venture!

When a company is sent to a small town in California or perhaps another to a Maine village or lumbering camp, it is the policy of the director, advertising man and the rest of the troupe to make friends immediately with the local newspaper people and all the other prominent dignitaries of the place. Also, one keeps one's eye open for local talent. By thus being on friendly terms with the town the company can win all sorts of favors. They may want to use the engine at the railroad station, or take a scene at the saw-mill, or another in the lobby of the local hotel. At Saranac Lake last winter a company found that the place afforded some wonderful skating rinks and that the amateur champion skaters of the world resided here. They immediately made friends all round and were able to weave several stories about a skater, using these amateurs in the pictures. Ice-boat experts also kindly offered to dash

across the lake in several scenes and before the first week was out the whole town was following the "movies" people about and wishing audibly that they could be in a picture.

One morning a disastrous thing happened. The director wanted a great crowd to file between a cut in two snowy hills for an Alaskan story which had to have its Chilkoot Pass. He thought he could get more men in the picture if he issued his call for early Sunday morning. The newspaper proclaimed the call for a mob and several posters were placed in windows of the stores. On Sunday morning the thermometer read about thirty below zero, but the interested crowd came out in throngs, small boys predominating. And then they waited. The camera man did not arrive. All the rest of the company were there and all was ready but the camera man had not come in the sleigh. A half hour and then an hour passed. A team had gone for him but did not appear. The people began to feel the cold and one by one slipped away toward home. The director did his best to keep the throng together, but without success. When the camera man did arrive no crowd of would-be Alaskan miners were there and from that day on the company found it impossible to gather together a crowd in that community.

When a picture has been run too



*Courtesy the Reliance Co.*

ALICE JOYCE, A STAR ACTRESS WITH ONE OF THE WELL-KNOWN MOVING PICTURE CONCERNS

much long streaks called "rain" appear in the film and mar the scenes. As soon as "rain" begins to be seen the film sells to the theatres at a much cheaper price, and is called a "second run picture." Most small theatres use a few "first run pictures" and some "second run" ones to reduce renting expense. The better moving pictures houses will not use anything but "first run pictures" and make much of advertising this fact. A phenomenon known as "hylation" sometimes occurs when men in evening dress with white shirt bosoms are used in the scenes of a plot. A ghost-like figure, really a sort of a reflection of the lights on the shirt bosoms, follows the actors about the room.

Another expense is often encountered when the "supes" strike. Two hundred of these at three dollars apiece per day had done all the big scenes in a war story as they were told, but just as the work was nearing an end it was necessary for them to ford a stream waist deep. They absolutely refused, saying the water was too cold. No amount of persuasion would win them over, so that scene had either to be eliminated, spoiling the crucial part of the story; or the company had to find new supes. To show the company's authority it was much better to find new supes, so four days was spent in gathering together a new force and these cannily refused less than four dollars a day!

The old trick pictures where furniture danced and walls wiggled are about ended. Audiences seem to prefer "straight" stories of love, comedy and adventure in natural settings. Modern trick pictures might be said to be those in the realm of botany and zoology. In these, flowers grow from the seed, going all through the stages from bud to bloom, and educating the young mind through its wondering eyes. In the "Odyssey" and other pictures fairies and giants are sometimes seen. The apparent differences in stature of the actors is produced by the use of mirrors and reflectors on two separate stages. One of these stages is at the side of the camera and the actors who are to appear very small act their parts

here. A mirror, back of the other stage, facing the camera reflects these actions, making them appear very small on the finished picture. The actors who are to appear large act directly before the camera. The corresponding size of "props" takes some skilful managing on the part of the producers.

Double negatives are appearing quite generally among the film stories at the theatres. In these, two separate pictures are exposed to the same negative. When the mother sits by her library table thinking of her long lost child the action of the little one at play is taken and appears as if in the background of the same picture, the one fading into the other.

The expense of costuming is not nearly as great for the moving picture actress as for one in the profession. Color does not have to be reckoned with so it is possible for her to wear a blue skirt, pink waist, yellow tie and green belt if she wishes. The screen calmly translates the outrage into neutral grays and whites. Black gowns trimmed in wide mesh white lace photograph most effectively, but the actress must be careful not to wear too much white near her face. Large plaids are extremely effective in out-of-door scenes with a snowy background. The larger companies have great wardrobe rooms where a force of dressmakers are constantly busy with costumes and draperies.

Everyone acknowledges that the films are improving. The National Board of Censorship in New York has helped the matter along. The approbation of this board has become an established custom, and, although it would not be considered unlawful to produce a film which they disapproved, one would be the laughing stock of the rest of the film concerns, and the theatres, in all likelihood, would refuse to use the film as its patrons would ask for the usual "Passed by the National Board of Censorship" stamp. Murders and suicides cannot be acted before a camera, or they will not pass this board. Actions conveyed to the sight have such an effect upon the memory that no scenes of violence or indecency

can be allowed. Each picture, if it shows scenes of violence at all, must prove that the object of the film is all for the right, and right must predominate over wrong in the end of every story. One comedy picture had a bright and original plot which would not pass the board for this very reason. A band of robbers gave a sum of money to a poor widow who had been crowded to starvation point by a mean landlord. Then, in order to make good the amount they had given her, the robbers held up the landlord, taking away the very amount she had just paid him and escaped victorious. This made robbery a smart trick and a bad influence to young moving picture enthusiasts.

Two years ago it was said in New York that Charles Frohman had such an aversion to the pictures that any actor who came to him for a position, saying that he had been with such and such a picture concern, was in a way to be put out of the office. Now, the papers declare that he himself is about to launch into the picture business on a large scale.

The Kinemacolor and other concerns have done great work with colored pictures. They have been successful in producing pictures in their natural colors, although yellows do not yet photograph as yellow.

Thomas Edison proposes to teach children geography, biology etc., by

means of films. He is now preparing a complete school course of films which he will soon show, and a school in Orange, N. J., has been given over to him for the use of the first trials. He maintains that he can supply any school with a film service amounting to one hundred dollars a month in cost. The one objection so far to the use of films in the school seems to be the danger to the eyesight of too much of that sort of thing.

Rapidity of developing films is also worthy of note. It used to take about four weeks to take a picture and have it ready for exhibition. Pictures of the recent floral and industrial parades of the Potlatch celebration in Seattle were shown in the theatres three days after parade day!

Some of the film companies are now sending out lists of musical accompaniments suitable for use with certain films. With historical and poetical portrayals these are of prime importance.

Seventeen thousand theatres in the United States show pictures daily. The B— Company may make seventy-five copies of a certain story, sending these to seventy-five theatres per day. Two thousand people attend each of these theatres every day—that means one hundred and forty thousand people a day are influenced by just *one* film; inspired to laugh or cry, or perhaps imbibe a bit of education unawares.

## WITH A SHAMROCK

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

HERE'S luck to you in fair weather,  
And luck to you when it's foul;  
Here's luck to you altogether—  
Lark-time, or at call of owl.

Luck's a jade no man may whistle,  
None may hold and none recall,  
But  
There's a rose with every thistle,  
And a shamrock with them all!

# In the Evening



By Will E.

Ingersoll

## AN IDYLL OF LOVE IN LAVENDER

With Decorations by Frederic M. Grant

THE evening brightness streamed through the opening where the path ran between two bent old willows, to end its wandering with a neat bend between the diamond-shaped flower-beds and stop restfully beneath the scrubbed doorstep of Miss Craig's cottage.

The square cottage-window gave back the glow of the entering light with a reticent sparkle of its four small panes; and into the two soft eyes set in the little old face that looked out between the pink blossoms of the house-plants, there came a kindred shy brightness—though not borrowed from the beaming of any sun—as Miss Craig saw, far down the path, old Arthur Bell draw slowly near. The sight of those two eyes was not so strong as it had been once, and old Arthur was yet a good way off,—but Miss Craig could have told you, even now, how feebly the halting cane-end was printing dot after dot in the dust of the footpath; how, carefully held between an awkward brown forefinger and thumb, was a posy of wild-flowers, picked painfully and at hazard by the trail; and how the mild blue eyes, under the embarrassing sense of being watched, were watering with old Arthur's attempt to stare unaffectedly before him as he toiled along.

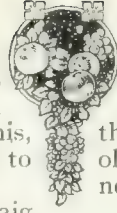
Miss Craig turned from the window and, with a little gesture that had wandered up with her from distant girlhood, put her finger at the side of her mouth, pondering smilingly over the square of mottled sunlight on the floor, devising a dainty and house-

wifely welcome that should contain a little message of the heart. The unsuccess of forty years had not lessened her hope that she would one day storm his obtuseness.

She stepped to the old, brown-varnished sideboard, took out a white china bowl, brushed it out with her apron-end, drew her palm back with a smoothing motion over her wavy gray hair and, moving into the sunlit doorway, curved her hand above her eyes and glanced brightly down the path. Then, hurrying around to the back of the cottage, where the lengthening shadows of the poplars fell over a neat, small square of garden-ground, she dropped softly on her knees before her line of raspberry-bushes, and began to pick berries into the bowl.

Old Arthur passed in between the willows, alternately tightening and relaxing his lips, and moving with such nervous stiffness that he stumbled blindly over every unevenness in the path. His black felt hat was set with a prim squareness over the white hair combed scantily down upon his neck. Above the white collar the neck showed, patterned and checked with crossing lines and brown like worn leather. A red corner of handkerchief hung out of the pocket of his coat, the tails of which bobbed oddly between his legs as he walked. The flowers were dropping one by one from his posy, as his nervous constraint made him forget to hold his fingers tightly.

Miss Craig's white cat trotted purringly out to meet him. "Poosey,—eh, Poosey, Poosey," he said, in his



big broken voice, rubbing the cat's neck with the end of his cane, and pretending to be absorbed in this, as he moved up the final steps to the doorstone.

Arthur Bell had known Norah Craig for half a century. He had always approached her thus trepidantly; because there was a thought, born decades ago but yet unspoken, hidden diffidently away in the worn old brain,—a thought which spoke in all his actions, which he knew spoke in all his actions, and which, although it burned to reveal itself, every energy of the fading mind was employed in the effort to conceal.

When, on quiet evenings, he drew near the little cottage, the sweet anticipation of presently coming within the charm of the shy, gray eyes, the quaint, faded egg-tip of chin, the puckered, small lips, always created, first a stir of ecstasy, then this agony of self-consciousness. It was exactly the same as it had been in the days when he was stalwart and young and she pretty and shy and rosy. He had worn himself out, loving her secretly; but he had not noticed the years pass, was none the less a lover. If it had not been for the whitening of his own hair, the stiffening of his own joints, he would not have known, now, that he was grown old; for he was blind to all the changes that time had made in the "Nonie" of that far-gone maiden-time.

Arthur Bell had been half a century with that unspoken question on his mind,—half a century turning over in his mind how she would receive it when spoken,—half a century trying to think of words to say it in.

From Miss Craig's deft little fingers the raspberries fell into the bowl with a soft sound; and as she picked, she thought. The western red of the summer evening had widened out gloriously, till every cloud in the quiet heaven was edged with pink; and the glow, falling over the lower poplartops upon the tiny garden and the little figure kneeling by the laden berry-bush, touched the fading rose of

the old cheeks with fresh color and made the soft, light hairs that floated cloudily out from the old temples glint like thread-silk newly unspooled.

Norah Craig's had been a soft, flower-like aging. She had retained the roundness of her little face, the baby-like pucker of the lips, the noiseless, kitten-like smoothness of movement, the quaint reticence, that had been hers in her shy girlhood. She had faded rather than withered. The gray had stolen with unwonted softness into hair that still rippled sweetly over the smooth temples. Tenderly, and leaving no trace of line or wrinkle, the bloom had faded from the little face, leaving a faint after-color that was like nothing more than the pink of late, late evening.

She had long known that Arthur Bell loved her—and, just as strongly as the big man had longed to pet and protect her, she had longed to be petted and protected by him. The awkwardness of which he had always been so ashamed was to her his dearest attribute; for it was that through which the love he had not dared to voice was always speaking. Yet it vexed her, too, at times; for the great humility which lay behind it made him obtuse to all her shy little attempts to show him her own heart.

She could not go far in these attempts for her own reticence. She could show him with simple and unshameful artifice the daintiness of her housewifery, the cleanness of the little cottage. She could show him what home with her would be; and she could add to this the tenderness of little gestures that their long intimacy warranted. She could do all this: but he must speak. All the usage of her Methodist forbears said that.

She would not herself enjoy many of those berries that she was picking so eagerly. Her pleasure would come in placing them, with brightly-polished spoon, tiny cream-jug, and daintily-cut tea-cakes of her own making, before him when he should come, hot from his walk, into the cottage-parlor and



HURRYING TO THE BACK OF THE COTTAGE, WHERE THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS OF THE POPLARS FELL OVER HER SQUARE OF GARDEN, SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES BEFORE HER LINE OF RASPBERRY BUSHES

lower his stiff old limbs into the chair from between the arms of which he had so often looked his dumb, long love.

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Then, pretending to employ herself at the cupboard behind him, she would let her eyes rest fondly upon the bent, broad shoulders, the tremulous old head with its thin gray hair, the big awkward brown hand splayed sheepishly over the end of the chair-arm,—but be assiduously busy among the cups and saucers, if he chanced to turn his head.

She would not, as she watched, note the gray, the wrinkles, the stoop. To the marvellous eye of her love would be present the "Artie" Bell that she had seen and loved at school, and kept on loving till now.

Old Arthur, leaving the white cat purring complacently in the pathway, passed toward the cottage-door. He caught his breath nervously as he entered, holding it till he had crossed the door-sill, but letting it out with a great exhalation of relief when he saw that the room was empty. He would now have time to seat himself, rest, and gain composure to greet the little figure in whose eyes he had always imagined his deportment was a thing of such moment. It would be easier, too, to rise and greet her from the tranquil depth of the old chair, than it would have been to approach, as he had imagined himself doing while coming along the path, beneath the steady regard of the gray eyes and, all hot and breathless and disconcerted, face her in the doorway.

He took off the prim felt hat, hung it on his knee, and, wiping from his forehead the perspiration of his walk, passed his hand tremulously over the thin strands of hair that had once been so thick and flaxen, and leaned back stiffly in the chair.

The year had not handled old Arthur as gently as they had the little woman. They had twisted him with hard labor, weakened him with sickness, tortured him, through his sensitiveness and diffidence, in his social relations, and worn him out with the care of a great, anxious love. He looked around the tidy room, his dusty, booted feet set down sheepishly upon the clean floor, and his fingers, seamed and brown with

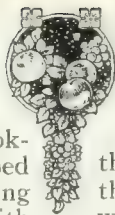
the laborious years, loosely closed over the crook of his cane.

If he could have known, as he looked around upon the tastefully-draped corner-shelves, the pictures hanging by their red cords, the brackets with their quaintly-grouped ornaments, the mottoes, the few books of little Miss Craig's dreamy girlish time,—if he could have known how often, in her morning arrangement of the furnishings of that little parlor, she had paused, comical and small in her housewifely apron and turban, to look across the ravine at his cabin standing forlornly on the opposite green knoll-side, and had in a moment formed the impulsive resolution to run over the short distance and throw herself, warmly, breathlessly into his arms!

Several minutes passed. Old Arthur, his nervousness gone, let his strained attitude involuntarily relax into one more easy and natural, laid his tired gray head back against the pink crochet-work tidy that draped the back of the chair, and pressing his lips together thoughtfully, dropped into the groove of his old dream. The breeze played with the window-curtains, tossing them apart and letting the red evening light stream fully into the room. The slow pendulum of the parlor clock sent off imperturbable second after second. The white cat lay in the square of late sunlight on the floor, purring sleepily.

Presently the hat hanging from the old knee fell softly to the floor and lay there brim up. Old Arthur was asleep.

A light footfall came at the doorway and the old woman stepped in; the bowl, heaped full of the red berries, held daintily between her two small hands. She saw the old figure in the chair, and, not noticing that Arthur was asleep, she held her eyes shyly away as she moved across the room to set the bowl on the table. She did not wonder that he watched her entry in silence; for these two shy old lovers always met mutely, sitting together sometimes for many minutes without speaking, before they drifted, by ways that they themselves could not after-



ward have traced, into the current of their picturesque, old-day talk.

She brought dishes and spoons from the cupboard, moving rustlingly over the floor-boards worn and bleached with many scrubbings, holding her head down as each return trip from the cupboard brought her facing the chair and its silent occupant. These successive lowerings of the little gray head brought at length a light feather of wavy hair sweeping down upon her cheek. She put it back twice; but when it fell a third time, she let it stay; and with indescribably girlish effect it lay against the faintly-colored old face, moving when the stirred air caught it, till its rippling end caressed the reticent little tip of chin.

At last, all was ready—the berries in the blue-edged saucers, the spoons near in their shining glass tumbler, the fresh-poured cream frothing in its jug, the two chairs drawn companionably up to the table. Miss Craig, her hand on the tea-cosy, spoke shyly, without looking around.

"Wud ye come now, Artie, an' we'll be havin' our bit of supper?"

No answer coming, the soft gray eyes turned slowly toward the big chair.

Old Arthur leaned back, a forlorn figure, his hat and stick fallen to the floor, the red light from the window upon his wrinkled forehead, rugged cheek-bones, and thin, gray-stubbed chin, his breath coming hoarsely and slowly; a weak, worn old man, wan with his waiting and his loneliness, but lord of the whole heart of the tender-eyed little woman who watched him there.

Through all the spent years, how she had wanted to be his nurse, his pet! There had been many an evening when, a thoughtful or embarrassed break coming in the old man's wandering talk, she had been obliged to sew away with all the energy of her little red fingers, to repress the impulse that arose within her to go to him, put her arms about his neck, and tell him in one flood of tender words, how utterly, devotedly, passionately, she was his. In spite of her shyness and sweet

womanliness, it had been a hard task for the warm, impulsive little heart to hold its secret through the years.

Now he was asleep before her, every line of loneliness and weariness and care on the sad old face showing forth in vivid portraiture as the bright band of sunset light, streaming across the little parlor, bathed aged sleeper and worn chair in its radiance. O, more strongly, more throbbingly than ever it had risen before, arose the old passionate impulse in the little woman now!

She put her hand at her cheek, trembling as the thought rushed thrillingly out over all her nerves. She ran her fingers trepidantly along the table-edge, her glance fluttering alternately toward and away from the face of the old sleeper in sweet irresolution, her heart beating till it pained her; then she took two hesitating little steps forward, paused, retreated back to the table, leaned back on her palms there a moment, her breath coming and going quickly, her face one wave of color—and finally, with a swift and soft rustle of her skirts, she swept across the room, bent over his chair, put her two hands to his cheeks, and kissed him on the lips!

Old Arthur slowly unclosed his eyes, turning them from side to side in the daze of his return from slumber. Expectant, her face burning, Norah Craig leaned above him, waiting for his eyes to draw to the focus of full consciousness and turn upward to her face. She felt she had gone too far to draw back, and her limbs were tied in a knot of shame, tenderness and trembling.

"Nonie," the voice came at last, without any change of tint in the neutral gray of the seamed, obtuse old face, and with the usual awkward deference in the tone, "ye've been standin' too clost to thon stove. 'Tis all red an' warm ye are." Then, as he lowered his eyes, groping in an embarrassment that submerged every other feeling, the old embarrassment that had been his life's handicap, for a further topic

of conversation, "Aw, me hat an' me stick—they're on the flure, beyant. Eh, 'tis ashleep ye found me. again, 'tis sleepin' I've been this while, Nonie." He raised himself stiffly and leaned forward to pick up the felt hat and cane.

When he had recovered them, little Miss Craig was back at the table, her head turned away to hide the flush that yet burned in her cheeks, repeating in a low voice the invitation to supper.

Norah Craig's eyes were not less tender that evening as, standing in her doorway, she watched the old lover toil off into the loneliness of the twilight: but in her heart there was something of despondency. A steady little taper of hope that had made her years serene and expectant, burned, on this night, very dim and very small.

The little bridge at the trend in the path where it passed out through the hedge of poplars and willows that shut Miss Craig's cottage out from the dusty and broad highway of popular travel, was a point of loitering and play for two small children. There were minnows in the brook that ran under, and there was a safe and pebbly wading-place for tiny, bare feet. Forbye, there were dry twigs for "stick-horses", and the excellent enticement of Miss Craig's frequent hand-out of bread-and-syrup, for which the two small vagrants cadged obliquely with naive oral bulletins about the events of their world, standing hand in hand on her doorstep in the hungry mid-afternoons:—"Our red billycalf got losted yesterday," or "Mudder's makin' me a pair pants wis pockets," being generally full tender for a thick slice apiece.

The two had come to look upon old Arthur as an adjunct, an object, to be glanced at and then ignored. His comings and goings, with the red kerchief sticking out of his pocket, the cane, and the posy, were as regular as the recurrence of the days. He came at the time when Miss Craig's cottage-windows were smiling full in the face of the afternoon sun; and the shadows and lowings of late eventide found him sitting with his pipe across





"AW, THAME YOUNGSTERS," SAID THE OLD MAN TO HIMSELF AS HE HASTENED ALONG THE PATH

from her with her crochet-needle, just within the doorway; the two old heads slowly moving in accompaniment to their quiet talk, the white cat on the doorstep between. Claude and Effie

had learned from their elders that he was "Miss Craig's old feller," and "courtin' her yit," and that the matter had taken its place among those steadfast facts of the district that were beyond comment, except perhaps a word of brief explanation to strangers.

It was therefore the same as no interruption at all when old Arthur, on the following afternoon, marking his way along the road with the usual dotted line of his cane-imprints, came out of his abstraction to listen, at first absently but with slowly-growing interest, to Claude's proposal of marriage to Effie.

It was the homelike appearance of the "playhouse" under the bridge that, leading Claude's mind off at a sudden tangent as he paused from a fruitless attempt to net an elusive minnow with his handkerchief, had brought about this crisis. He stood bare-legged in the water, looking at five-year-old Effie with sturdy appraisal. He handled the situation with the air of a king conferring knighthood upon a deserving subject.

"Kid," he said, snapping the water from his handkerchief, "I'm goin' to have you f'r my wife, see? Ain't you glad? Huh?"

Effie, primping her doll on the bank, looked at the playhouse, and then back at the boy.

"Yep," she said, simply, "I's glad."

Old Arthur, his mouth twisted into a queer expression, looked down from the bridge at this tableau. Norah Craig had come into her doorway, and he could see her out of the corner of his eye.

"There's that old Mister Bell," said Claude, raising his voice carelessly, "a-going over to Craig's."

"My Ma says he wantsa mawy Missis Cwaig," observed Effie, without looking around.

"Why don't he say so, then?" said Claude, coming out of the water and giving an important hitch at his belt, "he'll be dead soon. Come on, le's go into our house, Mah."

Arthur Bell gripped his stick, turned his shaking head, and looked squarely at the little old woman in the cottage-door. The cottage was a good hundred yards off; and it is probable he gained half his courage for that bold glance from the fact, that at that distance Miss Craig's face was only a faint, featureless blur.

He set out, walking with an erectness that surprised himself, and with a new resoluteness tensing his shaven chin. The cane-end still printed the dots in the dust, but they were lightly-impressed and far between.

"Aw, thame youngsters," said the old man, to himself, over and over, as he hastened along the path, "aw, thame youngsters! 'Why don't he say so,' is it? 'He'll soon be dead,' is it? Aw, thame youngsters."

Norah Craig was upon the doorstep, her hands beneath her apron and her head a little on one side. The quaint attitude of waiting, embodying to the old wooer all that was graceful and lovable and bringing home to him again the contrast of his own homeliness and awkwardness, disarmed him once more, as it had done a thousand times. His shoulders fell humbly; his eyes lost their glint of resolve and became again doglike and worshipping; the old

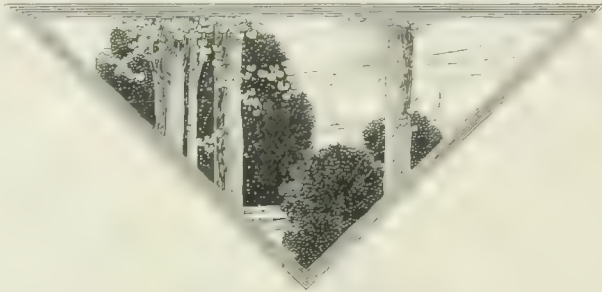
embarrassment overflowed him and drove his speech to the cover of platitude.

"There is rain in thame clouds, Nonie," he said, monotonously, as he looked away from her at a bluish bank of vapor that rose in the east.

There came a kind darkness that evening that hastened and deepened the twilight; and, in cover of the dusk, the seed that had been sown by the talk of "thame childher" as old Arthur repeated to himself again and again the two phrases that had spurred him, grew and blossomed. He was thankful that Miss Norah, in the kind prevalence of the gathering shadows, could not see the trepidant workings of his face and how his twisted old hands gripped the arms of his chair to hold themselves from trembling, as his resolve, the crown of all the years wherein this little maiden of an older day had sat so daintily in the shrine of his mind, surged to the point of speech.

"Nonie," he said, leaning forward in the darkness—and at the sound of his voice, choked and broken and deep, the little woman put her face suddenly down in her apron, with a gesture like that of a small girl ashamed. "Nonie, I'm goin' to have—I'm goin' to have you for—aw, plaze, darlin', will ye be wife to me?"

Without raising her head, Norah Craig leaned over. When she was quite close to his chair, she tossed down the shielding apron and, with a swift, soft movement, put her little gray head down to its home next his heart.



# UNWILLING EVE

*By Robert Ames Bennet*

Author of "For the White  
Christ," "Which One?"

*Illustrated by*  
*Percy Edward Anderson*

## SYNOPSIS.

Three people, Genevieve Leslie, a society girl; Cecil Winthrope, an Englishman in the diplomatic service; and Tom Blake, a Canadian civil engineer, are wrecked on the most desolate and wildest stretch of the Mozambique coast. Blake's admiration for Miss Leslie has been squelched by Winthrope on board the steamer, but shortly after the storm subsides, Blake proves himself the strongest and most resourceful of the three, and assumes command of the party. A headland shows some ten miles to the south, with promise of water and safety from the malarial swamps. This the party heads for, and in the journey Winthrope sprains his ankle, which forces Blake to carry him. Almost spent with thirst, they reach a river, and Blake, pushing ahead, finds that it is salt with the sea-water of high tide.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The foremost hippopotamus was headed directly for him. He glared at the huge head with sullen resentment. For all his stupor, he perceived at once that the beast intended to land; and he sat in the middle of its accustomed path. His first impulse was to spring up and yell at the creature. Then he remembered hearing that a white hunter had recently been killed by these beasts on one of the South African lakes. Instead of leaping up, he sank down almost flat, and crawled back around the turn in the path. Once certain that he was hidden from the beasts, he rose to his feet and hastened back through the jungle.

He was almost in view of the spot where he had left Winthrope and Miss Leslie, when he stopped and stood hesitating.

"I can't do it," he muttered; "I can't tell her,—poor girl!"

He turned and pushed into the thicket. Forcing a way through the tangle of thorny shrubs and creepers, until several yards from the path, he began to edge towards the face of the jungle, that he might peer out at his companions, unseen by them.

There was more of the thicket before him than he had thought, and he was still fighting his way through it, when he was brought to a stand by a peculiar cry that might have been the bleat of a young lamb: "Ba—ba!"

"What's that?" he croaked.

He stood listening, and in a moment he again heard the cry, this time more distinctly: "Blake!—Blake!"

There could be no mistake. It was Winthrope calling for him, and calling with a clearness of voice that would have been physically impossible half an hour since. Blake's sunken eyes lighted with hope. He burst through the last screen of jungle, and stared

towards the palm under which he had left his companions. They were not there.

Another call from Winthrope directed his gaze more seaward. The two were seated beside a fallen palm, and Miss Leslie had a large round object raised to her lips. Winthrope was waving to him.

"Cocoanuts !" he yelled. "Come on !"

Three of the palms had been overthrown by the hurricane, and when Blake came up, he found the ground strewn with nuts. He seized the first he came to; but Winthrope held out one already opened. He snatched it from him, and placed the hole to his swollen lips. Never had champagne tasted half so delicious as that cocoanut milk. Before he could drain the last of it through the little opening, Winthrope had the husks torn from the ends of two other nuts, and the convenient germinal spots gouged open with his penknife.

Blake emptied the third before he spoke. Even then his voice was hoarse and strained. "How'd you strike 'em ?"

"I couldn't help it," explained Winthrope. "Hardly had you disappeared when I noticed the tops of the fallen palms, and thought of the nuts. There was one in the grass not twenty feet from where we lay."

"Lucky for you—and for me, too, I guess," said Blake. "We were all three down for the count. But this settles the first round in our favor. How do you like the picnic, Miss Jenny ?"

"Miss Leslie, if you please," replied the girl, with hauteur.

"Oh, say, Miss Jenny !" protested Blake, genially. "We live in the same boarding-house now. Why not be folksy ? You're free to call me Tom. Pass me another nut, Winthrope. Thanks ! By the way, what's your front name ? Saw it aboard ship—Cyril—"

"Cecil," corrected Winthrope, in a low tone.

"Cecil—Lord Cecil, eh ?—or is it only the Honorable Cecil ?"

"My dear sir, I have intimated

before that reasons of—er—state —"

"Oh, yes; you're travelling incog. in the secret service. Sort of detective—"

"Detective !" echoed Winthrope, in a peculiar tone.

Blake grinned. "Well, it is rawther a nawsty business for your honorable ludship. But there's nothing like calling things by their right names."

"Right names—er—I don't quite take you. I have told you distinctly, my name is Cecil Winthrope !"

"O-h-h ! how lovely !—See-sill ! See-seal !— Bet they called you Sissy at school. English chum of mine told me your schools are corkers for nicknames. What'll we make it—Sis or Sissy ?"

"I prefer my patronymic, Mr. Blake," replied Winthrope.

"All right, then; we'll make it Pat, if that's your choice. I say, Pat, this juice is the stuff for wetness, but it makes a fellow remember his grub. Where'd you leave that fish ?"

"Really, I can't just say, but it must have been where I wrenched my ankle."

"You cawn't just say ! And what are we going to eat ?"

"Here are the cocoanuts."

"Bright boy ! go to the head of the class ! Just take some more husk off those empty ones."

Winthrope caught up one of the nuts, and with the aid of his knife, stripped it of its husk. At a gesture from Blake, he laid it on the bare ground, and the American burst it open with a blow of his heel. It was an immature nut, and the meat proved to be little thicker than clotted cream. Blake divided it into three parts, handing Miss Leslie the cleanest.

Though his companions began with more restraint, they finished their shares with equal gusto. Winthrope needed no further orders to return to his husking. One after another, the nuts were cracked and divided among the three, until even Blake could not swallow another mouthful of the luscious cream.

Toward the end Miss Leslie had become drowsy. At Winthrope's urging, she now lay down for a nap, Blake's coat serving as a pillow. She

fell asleep while Winthrope was yet arranging it for her. Blake had turned his back on her, and was staring moodily at the hippopotamus trail, when Winthrope hobbled around and sat down on the palm trunk beside him.

"I say, Blake," he suggested, "I feel deuced fagged myself. Why not all take a nap?"

"And when they awoke, they were all dead men," remarked Blake.

"By Jove, that sounds like a joke," protested the Englishman. "Don't rag me now."

"Joke!" repeated Blake. "Why, that's Scripture, Pat, Scripture! Anyway, you'd think it no joke to wake up and find yourself going down the throat of a hippo."

"Hippo?"

"Dozens of them over in the river. Shouldn't wonder if they've all landed, and 're tracking me down by this time."

"But hippopotami are not carnivorous—they're not at all dangerous, unless one wounds them, out in the water."

"That may be; but I'm not taking chances. They've got mouths like sperm whales—I saw one take a yawn. Another thing, that bayou is chuck full of alligators, and a fellow down on the Rand told me they're like the Central American gavials for keenness to nip a swimmer."

"They will not come out on this dry land."

"Suppose they won't—there're no other animals in Africa but sheep, eh?"

"What can we do? The captain told me that there are both lions and leopards on this coast."

"Nice place for them, too, around these trees," added Blake. "Lucky for us, they're nightbirds mostly,—if that Rand fellow didn't lie. He was a Boer, so I guess he ought to know."

"To be sure. It's a nasty fix we're in for to-night. Could we not build some kind of a barricade?"

"With a penknife! Guess we'll roost in a tree."

"But cannot leopards climb? It seems to me that I have heard—"

"How about lions?"

"They cannot; I'm sure of that."

"Then we'll chance the leopards. Just stretch out here, and nurse that ankle of yours. I don't want to be lugging you all year. I'm going to hunt a likely tree."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE RE-ASCENT OF MAN.

AFTERNOON was far advanced, and Winthrope was beginning to feel anxious, when at last Blake pushed from among the close thickets. As he approached, he swung an unshapely club of green wood, pausing every few paces to test its weight and balance on a bush or knob of dirt.

"By Jove!" called Winthrope; "that's not half bad! You look as if you could bowl over an ox."

Blake showed that he was flattered.

"Oh, I don't know," he responded; "the thing's blamed unhandy. Just the same, I guess we'll be ready for callers to-night."

"How's that?"

"Show you later, Pat, me b'y. Now trot out some nuts. We'll feed before we move camp."

"Miss Leslie is still sleeping."

"Time, then, to roust her out. Hey, Miss Jenny, turn out! Time to chew."

Miss Leslie sat up and gazed around in bewilderment.

"It's all right, Miss Genevieve," reassured Winthrope. "Blake has found a safe place for the night, and he wishes us to eat before we leave here."

"Save lugging the grub," added Blake. "Get busy, Pat."

As Winthrope caught up a nut, the girl began to arrange her disordered hair and dress with the deft and graceful movements of a woman thoroughly trained in the art of self-adornment. There was admiration in Blake's deep eyes as he watched her dainty preening. She was not a beautiful girl—at present she could hardly be termed pretty; yet even in her draggled, muddy dress she retained all the subtle charms of culture which appeal so strongly to a man. Blake was subdued. His feelings even carried him so far as an attempt at formal politeness, when they had finished their meal.

"Now, Miss Leslie," he began, "it's little more than half an hour to sun-down; so, if you please, if you're quite ready, we'd best be starting."

"Is it far?"

"Not so very. But we've got to chase through the jungle. Are you sure you're quite ready?"

"Quite, thank you. But how about Mr. Winthrope's ankle?"

"He'll ride as far as the trees. I can't squeeze through with him, though."

"I shall walk all the way," put in Winthrope.

"No, you won't. Climb aboard," replied Blake, and catching up his club, he stooped for Winthrope to mount his back. As he rose with his burden, Miss Leslie caught sight of his coat, which still lay in a roll beside the palm trunk.

"How about your coat, Mr. Blake?" she asked. "Should you not put it on?"

"No; I'm loaded now. Have to ask you to look after it. You may need it before morning, anyway. If the dews here are like those in Central America, they are d-darned liable to bring on malarial fever."

Nothing more was said until they had crossed the open space between the palms and the belt of jungle along the river. At other times Winthrope and Miss Leslie might have been interested in the towering screw-palms, festooned to the top with climbers, and in the huge ferns which they could see beneath the mangroves, in the swampy ground on their left. Now, however, they were far too concerned with the question of how they should penetrate the dense tangle of thorny brush and creepers which rose before them like a green wall. Even Blake hesitated as he released Winthrope, and looked at Miss Leslie's costume. Her white skirt was of stout duck; but the flimsy material of her waist was ill-suited for rough usage.

"Better put the coat on, unless you want to come out on the other side in evening dress," he said. "There's no use kicking; but I wish you'd happened to have on some sort of a jacket when we got spilled."

"Is there no path through the thicket?" inquired Winthrope.

"Only the hippo trail, and it don't go our way. We've got to run our own line. Here's a stick for your game ankle."

Winthrope took the half-green branch which Blake broke from the nearest tree, and turned to assist Miss Leslie with the coat. The garment was of such coarse cloth that as Winthrope drew the collar close about her throat Miss Leslie could not forego a little grimace of repugnance. The crease between Blake's eyes deepened, and the girl hastened to utter an explanatory exclamation: "Not so tight, Mr. Winthrope, please! It scratches my neck."

"You'd find those thorns a whole lot worse," muttered Blake.

"To be sure; and Miss Leslie fully appreciates your kindness," interposed Winthrope.

"I do indeed, Mr. Blake! I'm sure I never could go through here without your coat."

"That's all right. Got the handkerchief?"

"I put it in one of the pockets."

"It'll do to tie up your hair."

Miss Leslie took the suggestion, knotting the big square of linen over her fluffy brown hair.

Blake waited only for her to draw out the kerchief, before he began to force a way through the jungle. Now and then he beat at the tangled vegetation with his club. Though he held to the line by which he had left the thicket, yet all his efforts failed to open an easy passage for the others. Many of the thorny branches sprang back into place behind him, and as Miss Leslie, who was the first to follow, sought to thrust them aside, the thorns pierced her delicate skin, until her hands were streaked with blood. Nor did Winthrope, stumbling and hobbling behind her, fare any better. Twice he tripped headlong into the brush, scratching his arms and face.

Blake took his own punishment as a matter of course, though his tougher and thicker skin made his injuries less painful. He advanced steadily along the line of bent and broken twigs that

marked his outward passage, until the thicket opened on a strip of grassy ground beneath a wild fig-tree.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrope, "a banyan!"

"Banyan? Well, if that's British for a daisy, you've hit it," responded Blake. "Just take a squint up here. How's that for a roost?"

Winthrope and Miss Leslie stared up dubiously at the edge of a bed of reeds gathered in the hollow of one of the huge flattened branches at its junction with the main trunk of the banyan, twenty feet above them.

"Will not the mosquitoes pester us, here among the trees?" objected Winthrope.

"Storm must have blown 'em away. I haven't seen any yet."

"There will be millions after sunset."

"Maybe; but I bet they keep below our roost."

"But how are we to get up so high?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"I can swarm this drop root, and I've a creeper ready for you two," explained Blake.

Suiting action to words, he climbed up the small trunk of the air root, and swung over into the hollow where he had piled the reeds. Across the broad limb dangled a rope-like creeper, one end of which he had fastened to a branch higher up. He flung down the free end to Winthrope.

"Look lively, Pat," he called. "The sun's 'most gone, and the twilight don't last all night in these parts. Get the line around Miss Leslie, and do what you can on a boost."

"I see; but, you know, the vine is too stiff to tie."

Blake stifled an oath, and jerked the end of the creeper up into his hand. When he threw it down again, it was looped around and fastened in a bowline knot.

"Now, Miss Leslie, get aboard, and we'll have you up in a jiffy," he said.

"Are you sure you can lift me?" asked the girl, as Winthrope slipped the loop over her shoulders.

Blake laughed down at them. "Well, I guess yes! Once hoisted a fellow out of a fifty-foot prospect hole—big

fat Dutchman at that. You don't weigh over a hundred and twenty.

He had stretched out across the broadest part of the branch. As Miss Leslie seated herself in the loop, he reached down and began to haul up on the creeper, hand over hand. Though frightened by the novel manner of ascent, the girl clung tightly to the line above her head, and Blake had no difficulty in raising her until she swung directly beneath him. Here, however, he found himself in a quandary. The girl seemed as helpless as a child, and he was lying flat. How could he lift her above the level of the branch?

"Take hold the other line," he said. The girl hesitated. "Do you hear? Grab it quick, and pull up hard, if you don't want a tumble!"

The girl seized the part of the creeper which was fastened above, and drew herself up with convulsive energy. Instantly Blake rose to his knees, and grasping the taut creeper with one hand, reached down with the other, to swing the girl up beside him on the branch.

"All right, Miss Jenny," he reassured her as he felt her tremble. "Sorry to scare you, but I couldn't have made it without. Now, if you'll just hold down my legs, we'll soon hoist his ludship."

He had seated her in the broadest part of the shallow hollow, where the branch joined the main trunk of the fig. Heaped with the reeds which he had gathered during the afternoon, it made such a cozy shelter that she at once forgot her dizziness and fright. Nestling among the reeds, she leaned over and pressed down on his ankles with all her strength.

The loose end of the creeper had fallen to the ground when Blake lifted her upon the branch, and Winthrope was already slipping into the loop. Blake ordered him to take it off, and send up the club. As the creeper was again flung down, a black shadow swept over the jungle.

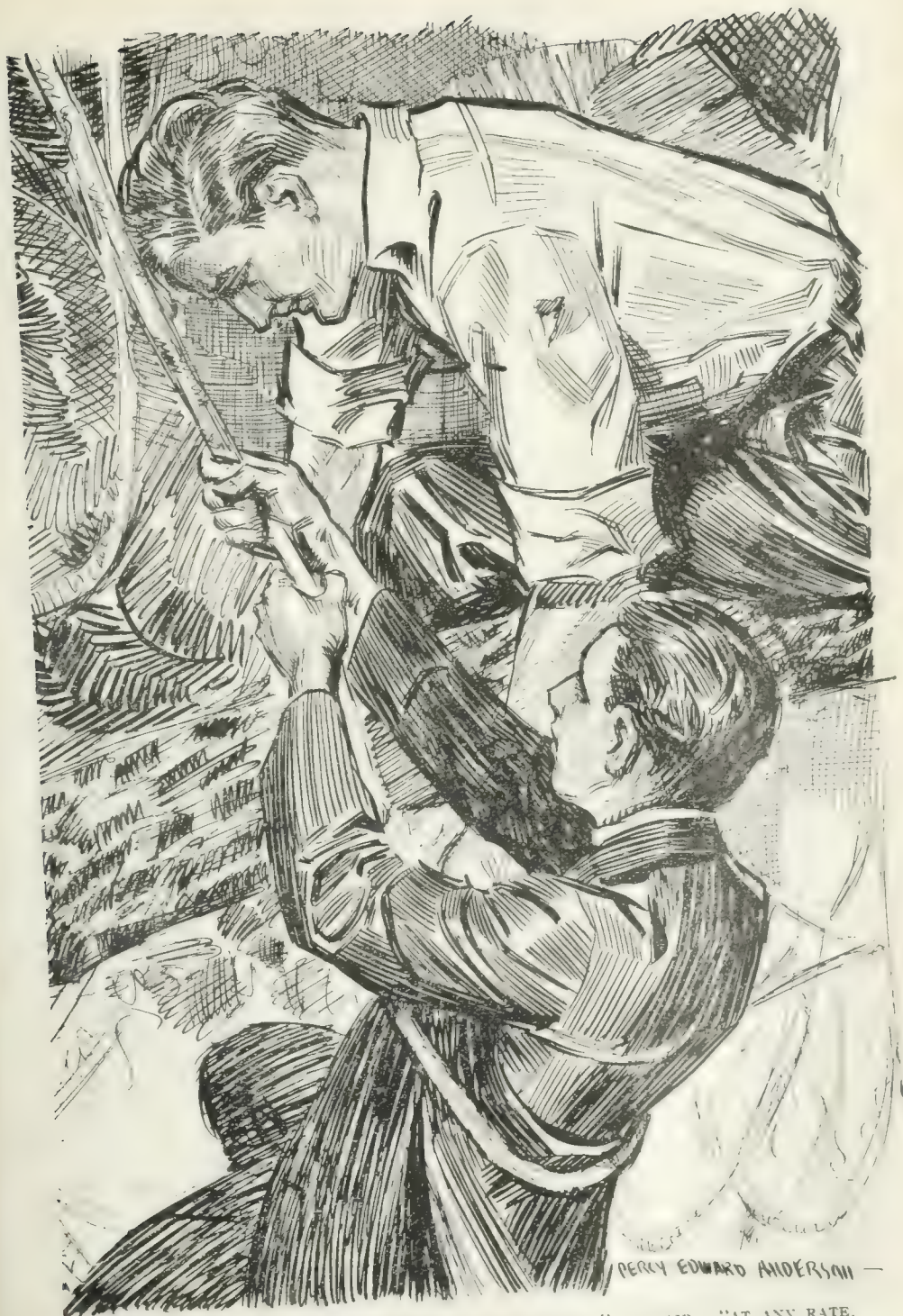
"Hello! Sunset!" called Blake. "Look sharp, there!"

"All ready," responded Winthrope.

Blake drew in a full breath, and



BLAKE GRUNTED WITH SATISFACTION AS WINTHROPE SWUNG HIMSELF UP AND CLIMBED  
WE'RE ABOARD FOR THE NIGHT, AND NONE



THE LAST FEW FEET UNAIDED. "YOU MAY DO, AFTER ALL," HE SAID. "AT ANY RATE, TOO SOON, EITHER. HEAR THAT YELPING?"

began to hoist. The position was an awkward one, and Winthrope weighed thirty or forty pounds more than Miss Leslie. But as the Englishman came within reach of the descending loop, he grasped it and did what he could to ease Blake's efforts. A few moments found him as high above the ground as Blake could raise him. Without waiting for orders, he swung himself upon the upper part of the creeper, and climbed the last few feet unaided. Blake grunted with satisfaction as he pulled him in upon the branch.

"You may do, after all," he said. "At any rate, we're all aboard for the night; and none too soon. Hear that!"

"What?"

"Lion, I guess— Not that yelping. Listen!"

The brief twilight was already fading into the darkness of a moonless night, and as the three crouched together in their shallow nest, they were soon made audibly aware of the savage nature of their surroundings. With the gathering night the jungle awakened into full life. From all sides came the harsh squawking of birds, the weird cries of monkeys and other small creatures, the crash of heavy animals moving through the jungle, and above all the yelp and howl and roar of beasts of prey.

After some contention with Winthrope, Blake conceded that the roars of his lion might be nothing worse than the snoring of the hippopotami as they came out to browse for the night. In this, however, there was small comfort, since Winthrope presently reasserted his belief in the climbing ability of leopards, and expressed his opinion that, whether or not there were lions in the neighborhood, certain of the barking roars they could hear came from the throats of the spotted climbers. Even Blake's hair bristled as his imagination pictured one of the great cats creeping upon them in the darkness from the far end of their nest limb, or leaping down out of the upper branches.

The nerves of all three were at their highest tension when a dark form swept past through the air within a

yard of their faces. Miss Leslie uttered a stifled scream, and Blake brandished his club. But Winthrope, who had caught a glimpse of the creature's shape, broke into a nervous laugh.

"It's only a fruit bat," he explained. "They feed on the banyan figs, you know."

In the reaction from this false alarm, both men relaxed, and began to yield to the effects of the tramp across the mud-flats. Arranging the reeds as best they could, they stretched out on either side of Miss Leslie, and fell asleep in the middle of an argument on how the prospective leopard was most likely to attack.

Miss Leslie remained awake for two or three hours longer. Naturally she was more nervous than her companions, and she had been refreshed by her afternoon's nap. Her nervousness was not entirely due to the wild beasts. Though Blake had taken pains to secure himself and his companions in loops of the creeper, fastened to the branch above, Winthrope moved about so restlessly in his sleep that the girl feared he would roll from the hollow.

At last her limbs became so cramped that she was compelled to change her position. She leaned back upon her elbow, determined to rise again and maintain her watch the moment she was rested. But sleep was close upon her. There was a lull in the louder noises of the jungle. Her eyes closed, and her head sank lower. In a little time it was lying upon Winthrope's shoulder, and she was fast asleep.

As Blake had asserted, the mosquitoes had either been blown away by the cyclone, or did not fly to such a height. None came to trouble the exhausted sleepers.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MAN AND GENTLEMAN.

NIGHT had almost passed, and all three, soothed by the refreshing coolness which preceded the dawn, were sleeping their soundest, when a sudden fierce roar followed instantly by a piercing squeal caused even Blake to start up in panic. Miss Leslie, too terrified to scream, clung to Winthrope,

who crouched on his haunches, little less overcome.

Blake was the first to recover and puzzle out the meaning of the crashing in the jungle and the ferocious growls directly beneath them.

"Lie still," he whispered. "We're all right. It's only a beast that's killed something down below us."

All sat listening, and as the noise of the animals in the thicket died away, they could hear the beast beneath them tear at the body of its victim.

"The air feels like dawn," whispered Winthrope. "We'll soon be able to see the brute."

"And he us," rejoined Blake.

In this both were mistaken. During the brief false dawn they were puzzled by the odd appearance of the ground. The sudden flood of full daylight found them staring down into a dense white fog.

"So they have that here," muttered Blake—"fever-fog."

"Beastly shame," echoed Winthrope. "I'm sure the creature has gone off."

This assertion was met by an outburst of snarls and yells that made all start back and crouch down again in their sheltering hollow. As before, Blake was the first to recover.

"Bet you're right," he said. "The big one has gone off, and a pack of these African coyotes are having a scrap over the bones."

"You mean jackals. It sounds like the nasty beasts."

"If it wasn't for that fog, I'd go down and get our share of the game."

"Would it not be very dangerous, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie. "What a fearful noise."

"I've chased coyotes off a calf with a rope; but that's not the proposition. You don't find me fooling around in that sewer gas of a fog. We'll roost right where we are till the sun does for it. We've got enough malaria in us already."

"Will it be long, Blake?" asked Winthrope.

"Huh! Getting hungry this quick? Wait till you've tramped around a week, with nothing to eat but your shoes."

"Surely, Mr. Blake, it will not be so bad," protested Miss Leslie.

"Sorry, Miss Jenny; but cocoanut palms don't blow over every day, and when those nuts are gone, what are we going to do for the next meal?"

"Could we not make bows?" suggested Winthrope. "There seems to be no end of game about."

"Bows—and arrows without points. Neither of us could hit a barn door, anyway."

"We could practise."

"Sure—six weeks' training on air-pudding. I can do better with a handful of stones."

"Then we should go at once to the cliffs," said Miss Leslie.

"Now you're talking—and it's Pike's Peak or bust, for ours. Here's one night to the good; but we won't last many more if we don't get fire. It's flints we're after now."

"Could we not make fire by rubbing sticks?" said Winthrope, recalling his suggestion of the previous morning. "I've heard that natives have no trouble—"

"So've I, and what's more, I've seen 'em do it. Never could make a go of it myself, though."

"But if you remember how it is done, we have at least some chance—"

"Give you ten to one odds! No; we'll scratch around for a flint good and plenty before we waste time that way."

"The mist is going," observed Miss Leslie.

"That's no lie. Now for our coyotes. Where's my club?"

"They've all left," said Winthrope, peering down. "I can see the ground clearly, and there is not a sign of the beasts."

"There are the bones—what's left of them," added Blake. "It's a small deer, I suppose. Well, here goes."

He threw down his club, and dropped the loose end of the creeper after it. As the line straightened, he twisted the upper part around his leg, and was about to slide to the ground, when he remembered Miss Leslie.

"Think you can make it alone?" he asked.

The girl held up her hands, sore and

swollen from the lacerations of the thorns. Blake looked at them, frowned and turned to Winthrope.

"Um! you got it, too, and in the face," he grunted. "How's your ankle?"

Winthrope wriggled his foot about, and felt the injured ankle.

"I fancy it is much better," he answered.

"There seems to be no swelling, and there is no pain now."

"That's lucky; though it will tune up later. Take a slide, now. We've got to hustle our breakfast, and find a way to get over the river."

"How wide is it?" inquired Winthrope, gazing at his swollen hands.

"About three hundred yards at high tide. May be narrower at ebb."

"Could you not build a raft?" suggested Miss Leslie.

Blake smiled at her simplicity. "Why not a boat? We've got a pen-knife."

"Well, then, I can swim."

"Bully for you! Guess, though, we'll try something else. The river is chuck full of alligators. What you waiting for, Pat? We haven't got all day to fool around here."

Winthrope twisted the creeper about his leg and slid to the ground, doing all he could to favor his hands. He found that he could walk without pain, and at once stepped over beside Blake's club, glancing nervously around at the jungle.

Blake jerked up the end of the creeper, and passed the loop about Miss Leslie. Before she had time to become frightened, he swung her over and lowered her to the ground lightly as a feather. He followed, hand under hand, and stood for a moment beside her, staring at the dew-dripping foliage of the jungle. Then the remains of the night's quarry caught his eye, and he walked over to examine them.

"Say, Pat," he called, "these don't look like deer bones. I'd say—yes; there's the feet—it's a pig."

"Any tusks?" demanded Winthrope.

Miss Leslie looked away. A heap of bones, however cleanly gnawed, is not a pleasant sight. The skull of the

animal seemed to be missing; but Blake stumbled upon it in a tuft of grass, and kicked it out upon the open ground. Every shred of hide and gristle had been gnawed from it by the jackals; yet if there had been any doubt as to the creature's identity, there was evidence to spare in the savage tusks which projected from the jaws.

"Jerusalem!" observed Blake; "this old boar must have been something of a scrapper his own self."

"In India they have been known to kill a tiger. Can you knock out the tusks?"

"What for?"

"Well, you said we had nothing for arrow points—"

"Good boy! We'll cinch them, and ask questions later."

A few blows with the club loosened the tusks. Blake handed them over to Winthrope, together with the whiskey flask, and led the way to the half-broken path through the thicket. A free use of his club made the path a little more worthy of the name, and as there was less need of haste than on the previous evening, Winthrope and Miss Leslie came through with only a few fresh scratches. Once on open ground again, they soon gained the fallen palms.

At a word from Blake, Miss Leslie hastened to fetch nuts for Winthrope to husk and open. Blake, who had plucked three leaves from a fan palm near the edge of the jungle, began to split long shreds from one of the huge leaves of a cocoanut palm. This gave him a quantity of coarse, stiff fibre, part of which he twisted in a cord and used to tie one of the leaves of the fan palm over his head.

"How's that for a bonnet?" he demanded.

The improvised head-gear bore so grotesque a resemblance to a recent type of picture hat that Winthrope could not repress a derisive laugh. Miss Leslie, however, examined the hat and gave her opinion without a sign of amusement. "I think it is splendid, Mr. Blake. If we must go out in the sun again, it is just the thing to protect one."

"Yes." Here's two more I've fixed for you. Ready yet, Winthrope?"

The Englishman nodded, and the three sat down to their third feast of cocoanuts. They were hungry enough at the start, and Blake added no little keenness even to his own appetite by a grim joke on the slender prospects of the next meal, to the effect that, if in the meantime not eaten themselves, they might possibly find their next meal within a week.

"But if we must move, could we not take some of the nuts with us?" suggested Winthrope.

Blake pondered over this as he ate, and when, fully satisfied, he helped himself up with his club, he motioned the others to remain seated.

"There are your hats and the strings," he said, "but you won't need

them now. I'm going to take a prospect along the river; and while I'm gone, you can make a try at stringing nuts on some of this leaf fibre."

"But, Mr. Blake, do you think it's quite safe?" asked Miss Leslie, and she glanced from him to the jungle.

"Safe?" he repeated. "Well, nothing ate you yesterday, if that's anything to go by. It's all I know about it."

He did not wait for further protests. Swinging his club on his shoulder, he started for the break in the jungle which marked the hippopotamus path. The others looked at each other, and Miss Leslie sighed.

"If only he were a gentleman!" she complained.

Winthrope turned abruptly to the cocoanuts.

*To be continued*

## RESURRECTION

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

THE trees, 'neath their burden of summer,  
 Seem weary, and faded, and done.  
 They loosen their leaves with a shudder  
 And droop in the gold of the sun.  
 Cut back, and lopped off, and pruned over,  
 Each seems an unsightly, dead thing—  
 But—one touch of God's gardening finger,  
 And they twist into bloom in the Spring.



# In Those Days

By Florence Randal Livesay

Illustrated by  
Gertrude Spaller

"THERE were giants in those days," says the ancient chronicler, but the latter part of the phrase on the lips of a certain lady of well nigh eighty means the days of old Montreal, of which she has most vivid recollections.

"I will just tell you of the things that I have seen myself," she says, as she realizes she has a good listener. "It will be very patchy but you may be able to put it together in readable form if you really think it is interesting to others. I wish you could have talked to my mother, who lived to be ninety-four, and then you would have had stories!

"Her husband was a captain in the Sutherland Highlanders. In consequence of wounds received he resigned his commission and was later sent out by the English Government to act as head of the Indian Department. At the time all the Indians employed by the Hudson's Bay Company brought their furs in canoes to Montreal, where they received supplies of calico, tobacco, beads, etc., in return. Sir George Simpson was then prominent in the Company's affairs and very often indeed have I gone with my parents to his house.

"Ah, my dear, those were the days! You see, the military element and the old French families gave a peculiar flavor to society. When one went to a house one was expected to converse with clever men and women.

Dinner parties were arranged for six o'clock; when invited for an evening one arrived about eight. Very few people had carriages then and most of us walked to the scene of festivities, lanterns being carried by the servants. Upon arrival, the guests were ushered at once into a room where tea was served, light refreshments being offered. The various apartments, lighted with massed candles in sconces, were given over to those attending, as their tastes inclined. In one, card tables were set out. There were no bridge fiends then, but whist, piquet, and other French games were the vogue. In the next room one sat and talked with the gentleman to whom one was introduced until another was brought up by the hostess. If there were no ball room proper in the house some room was cleared for dancing and we went through the minuet or the slow waltz then in fashion.

"As I was the oldest daughter of the family I was more fortunate than some girls and was allowed to go out when only about fifteen or sixteen. That is why I can tell you of having seen men who wore the knee breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes and satin coats.

"The ladies' gowns? Ah, satin was satin in those days. The skirts were very full and stood out of themselves; the bodices were cut pretty décolleté, I am afraid, and of course the sleeves were short. From the time I was six

years old until after my 'salad days' were over I never wore a long sleeve. I can remember still the pained way in which we spoke of some American visitor who had been observed with a high necked and long sleeved gown. The hair was worn in masses of loops and braids and many a woman sat up all night rather than disarrange the coiffure achieved by the over-worked hair dresser. On each great occasion this man was in such demand that he had to be engaged at whatever hour he set, even on the day before the night of the reception. The girl with many braids was to be envied, and I remember that at school some of the older girls would sew their braids together in order to make a more respectable showing. The belles of the day always wore strings of pearls in the hair, real pearls, I mean, not gew gaws.

"But when I am talking about clothes I must tell you of some I saw in an old attic when I was a young girl. A friend of mine used to accompany me to this place and there we would garb ourselves in these beautiful things of a former day and fashion. We would pirouette in them around the garret or nonchalantly stroll about the long garden at the back of the house, commanded as we well knew, young minxes, by the officers' quarters. I will warrant the gowns at least were worth seeing! Perhaps I would don a satin evening gown of palest blue, stiff with its own loveliness, and over it slip a 'spencer' or coat of a wonderful shade of pink, embroidered in pearl beads. The poke bonnet would be lined with ruffles and flutings of pink satin while at one side there was a huge up-standing bow and a graceful feather. Or again, I might wear a splendid black velvet gown, fit for a princess. I remember still a muslin frock, oh, of the sheerest India stuff, embroidered in gold moons, so scantily fashioned that I could scarce sit down in it—oh, my dear, these are dreams of a foolish old

woman, for why should I tell you of clothes, long ago vanishing in the smoke of the great fire? You will think me a hivering body, so I will speak of sterner stuff, for you must know we thought of other things than dress while at school.

"What school was this? It was a famous one in its day and it sent out women into the world who knew things thoroughly. The children nowadays would be staggered indeed at the load of books we conned each night. Miss Easton, the headmistress, was a woman who had a passion for education and who made her pupils learn, whether they wanted to or not. She kept a huge boarding and day school, assisted by many masters of arts and sciences. She was almost masculine in appearance and in the quality and breadth of her attainments. She cared little for



WE USED TO GARB OURSELVES IN BEAUTIFUL THINGS OF BYGONE FASHION AND NONCHALANTLY STROLL ABOUT THE LONG GARDEN COMMANDED BY THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS



ONE SAT AND TALKED TO THE GENTLEMAN TO WHOM ONE WAS INTRODUCED UNTIL  
THE HOSTESS BROUGHT UP ANOTHER

manners, which you were supposed to acquire at home, and she was remarkably adept at taking off her slipper and leaving a red mark on your bare neck, for a faulty lesson vexed her sorely. No prizes were given at the end of the year, but each girl strove daily for the privilege of wearing a medal (for each class) as the head girl. We had a four days' examination at the end of the year, when doctors, clergymen, and lawyers, as well as the parents, were invited to attend and ask questions at random from any book studied during the year. But much of our learning had nothing to do with text books. Astronomy was taught us from the stars in the heavens, we being often roused from

our beds to take observations; geology was practical work, too, with a master with us on our expeditions. I believe I could best you now in geography, and in history we studied that of England, Rome and Greece with Natural Philosophy. Latin, Greek, a little Hebrew, French and Italian were the languages to be grappled with while music and painting absorbed the rest of our time. Yet I think we all loved school and to me it was a real punishment to stay away. I studied hard and later on in life I coached a future Minister of the Crown in Latin and Greek and I was but a sample of the result of Miss Easton's educational methods.

"Sunday was rigidly observed in our

household and indeed by all but the French families who had their own traditions and ideas as to what was right and proper. We lived away up St. Antoine Street, and St. Gabriel church, which we attended, was near the old parade ground. We walked to Sunday school, stayed for service, came home for dinner and then went off to service again. I can still remember the horror with which the idea of evening service was received by the older Presbyterians, when mooted. 'Twill be but a meeting place for beaux and belles, they cried.

"One of my most vivid recollections centres about the rebellion of '37. One day I had walked into town with one of our servants, being then a little girl, to do some shopping. Suddenly there was a great uproar in the street and a lot of men rushed by shouting. These were the Fils de Liberté. In the commotion I became separated from my companion, who ran home, frightened out of her wits. Some gentleman took me by the hand and led me into a store, telling me to stay there until he called for me. That night the Home Guard was called out and patrolled the streets, the men being the fathers and brothers of those considered to be in danger. My mother was staying at the time at our farm in St. Eustache, but the Patriotes allowed her to come through the lines. She put what valuables she might into the wagon which brought her, knowing that she was leaving all other belongings to the flames. The soldiers she met were not very formidable, being mere youths in many cases, some of them armed with wooden guns. Many of these poor lads were later burned to death or shot when the church in the village was attacked. They had taken refuge in the galleries, removing the staircases, and even in the belfry,

shooting the soldiers when they broke in. A fire was kindled behind the altar, forcing those who could escape and who had been hidden in the crypt to rush out and give themselves up. But few received quarter, for the dreadful death which befell poor Jack Weir was in everyone's thoughts, and his comrades had sworn to be revenged for his merciless slaughter. He had fallen into the Patriotes' hands and his mangled body was afterwards found by the advancing soldiery, the sight driving them to fury, for he was greatly beloved.

"In Montreal it was rumored one night that the rebels were advancing by stealth and that a general massacre of the English was to take place, the French being spared if a light were placed in the windows of their homes. Accordingly every householder was told to illuminate his window and I remember that a sheet of tin was tacked near the frame, to form a rude socket for the candle which was placed in it. For two or three nights in succession my father and brothers did not return from their patrol, and we were all so frightened at being left alone.

"With the centering of the fur trade in the posts of the West my father's duties in Montreal became unnecessary. He was appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the first railway company ever operating in Canada, the trains of which ran from Laprairie to St. Johns. I was a passenger on the first trip made on this line. The coaches were built on the English plan in compartment style and everything was on a small scale. I expect we attained no very wonderful speed, but we certainly felt we had accomplished as much as the 'flying-men' do to-day, when we reached the end of our journey in safety."



# Johnny Bedotte— His Finish

By L. V. Kelly

Illustrated by  
C. O. Longabaugh

JOHNNIE BEDOTTE, The Wolf, was a trapper of the mixed blood of France and Cree. Perhaps more of the Cree showed in his physical construction, for there was more of it. His beard was coarse and sparse, his eyes black and set above high, wide cheek-bones. Johnnie knew the art of trapping fur as well and as thoroughly as a fur-clad belle knows the art of trapping hearts. In his world of wilderness and nature, Johnnie was wise even beyond the wisdom of his ancestors on his mother's side.

He could go into the woods with a strip of birch-bark and with its aid make a bull moose raging mad in ten minutes, he could call the gigantic king of the northland forests from the tenderest of lily pads, more surely perhaps than the gentle grunting of a lone moose cow. For Johnnie had the gift of throwing supreme insult and

challenge into the "Ugh, ugh" of his own original moose-call.

Johnnie could take a fish-head, odorous and charming, fasten it with such finesse above the steel jaws of a cruel trap that the minks ran over each other in the endeavor to get the dainty, he could build a deadfall into which the very foxes would walk with open eyes, he could shoot the light out of a deer's eyes by the glimmer of a flambeau. Johnnie knew the woods as his mother knew the lore of the Crees, but he loved the whiskey of the white men as his full-blood wife loved him, and his devotion to it when not on the trail had caused him to suffer such fearful exposures that the dread white plague had fastened its icy fingers upon his once mighty lungs.

Johnnie was a trapper of the old school. He hated a repeating rifle only worse than he detested the petty modern breech-loader, he scored it

bitterly. His weapon was an old Martini-Henry, heavy, cumbersome, single of shot and true of direction. He loved it. Conversation often arose among the trappers of the relative merits of the repeating carbine or the single shot. Johnnie would cough rackingly, tenderly fondle the scarred stock of his weapon, and reply,

"Dis fine goon. I shoot heem ten year, five wintaire, five sommaire, I know heem well. Once I go shoot buffal-o on Hay reever. I go ver' slow up de flat for I hear heem ole bull beller. Den I see heem, seex hoonderd yard, maybe, pawin' de eart' an' snortin' lak he plum' crazee.

"I draw fine bead on hees shouldaire, an' I fire dis ole goon once,—ole bull jes' stiffen hees legs up an' stan' like stiff. I tink, 'Da's foony, ole rifle she nevaire do lak dat ag'in. Moost miss heem complete.'

"So I feex heem sight jes' right an' aim ag'in, but ole bull he stan' jes' so as before. Den I get mad, me, an' fire four bulletts at dat ole bull an' heem standin' dere all tam, makin' no move. Bimeby I fire seex tam, an' den I see white spot on side of ole bull's shouldaire.

"'Da's foony!' I sez to me, an' I look some more. Dat white spot was white rock on odaire side of dat bull. Dis ole goon,"—stroking the rifle fondly—"she shoot heem so close dat beeg hole cut clean t'rough heem, an' dat first shot I make was kill heem so dead he jes' stiffen right up an' die dere 'fore he kin fall down!"

Johnnie loved his rifle, he loved the woods, and he loved also the brew of the barley, the odor and taste of the merchandise that the whiskey smugglers brought so silently across the sloughs and timber stretches of the northland to exchange for the rich furs which the trappers had risked life and limb to obtain. With a self-denial that comes only to those who dwell in the lone stretches of the unsettled north he usually refrained from indulgences until his winter catch was in. Then he sought, and obtained, a fighting spree; returning to his shack and his patient wife stripped, coughing, but unrepentant.

This year Johnnie's catch was in early. He had a great bale of furs, mink, otter, foxes, wolves, some bears, and one black fox. How his eyes glistened as he looked upon that costly bale! He could buy a Peterborough canoe, he could travel away out to Edmonton and see the steam cars, he could live years on the proceeds. He gloated while his silent and patient wife moved about the log cabin in pursuit of her usual household duties.

New Year's day approached. Johnnie thought of past days and of the joyous times he used to have with the other French breeds who made of that great day the biggest, most glorious, most extravagant celebration of any of the three hundred and sixty-five. The call of the tempter came. He prepared himself with painstaking attention to detail. First some skins were taken from the bales and wrapped carefully up to be used for purchasing the liquid which drove dull care away. This was one necessity. Followed others. He brought up his little jumper sleigh and painted it red and blue, pink and purple, he groomed his wiry ponies until they shone like silk, and he dyed their tails vermilion, their manes scarlet, and their shining sides yellow. Always he hummed the paddling song of the north.

On New Year's morn the most bizarre outfit perhaps that ever startled the sedate poplars and somber spruces flickered through the open spots, Johnnie, gay in toque, courier-du-bois sash, beaded moccasins, jacket and leggings, holding his nippy team well in hand until he reached the head of the long village street. Then with a shrill yell and a whoop he threw the reins loose and flashed at breakneck speed toward his goal, the shack of Donald Macnair. Johnnie was ready and anxious to howl.

Donald Macnair was as Scotch as his name and as careful and cautious as his blood and his occupation would allow. He retailed, at marvellous figures, a concoction composed of blue-stone, Hudson Bay rum, sugar and water; and he took pride in averring that there was more fighting qualities in one glass of his fiery beverage than

there was in a quart of the stuff sold by rivals. Johnnie knew Donald's claim, and he knew it was based on fact, so he headed for it with feverish desire. With a yelping flourish he dragged his ponies back on their haunches, leaped out and into the place; with the loss of few words he exchanged ten dollars' worth of mink-skins for a quart of fiery liquid; then he tore away again. Before a half hour had passed he was back, ponies dripping with sweat, and bought another quart. Donald complacently waited, assured, by previous experience, that business was going to be brisk.

Time passed, and Johnnie did not return. Donald grew restless and impatient and he went forth in search of explanation. Down by the log boarding house he discovered another trapper who gave him news.

"Johnnie Bedotte, he says that whiskey you sell ain't no good," explained the informer with gusto. "He pay you ten dollars for a bottle an' it don't make him drunk. He buys another bottle an' it doesn't either."

"Why, the black-hearted liar," stormed the worthy Scot, white with passion and injured pride. "That stuff would eat the bottom out of a brass kettle. The man's trying to spoil my business." Then he started on a lone crusade in search of the detractor of the virtue of his wares. Half a mile out of town he met a trader to whom he confided his inquiry. "That frog-eating son of a Cree is going to eat them words or he don't get more whuskey from me," declared the descendant of Robert Bruce grimly, reverting in his excitement to an accent he had lost with education. They followed the zig-zag trail of Johnnie's sleigh until, rounding a bend in the brush they stopped and gasped,—then hastened forward. Heaped at the side of the road was a gay chariot, a mass of splintered, gaudy colors; the remains of Johnnie's jumper; off in the brush a threshing, snorting tangle of yellow and vermilion showed where the frantic ponies were thumping their lives out in crazed endeavors to get free; and crumpled against a rock where he had been pitched lay Johnnie, absolutely

unconscious, a great crimson gash across his scalp and forehead. Macnair stopped and looked reproachfully at the man's silent form.

"An' ye said it wasna good whuskey!" he chided.

They wrapped the injured man's head in his many-colored sash, they swabbed his face with snow, and slowly he moved and opened his eyes. Then he struggled to his feet, glancing around while a smile of supreme joy sparkled from his eyes and irradiated his countenance.

"Da's fine," declared Johnnie with enthusiasm, "Da's fine. Macnair, I t'ought you dam' cheap, but dat mus' be good whuskee." His jaws set tight and the battle light flared in his eyes; he coughed violently and spat, more blood reddening the snow.

"Das fines' whuskee I ever see," he continued faintly. "You sell me one o'daire bottel an' I lick whole dam' town. Eh? Gosh, da's fine time," and he dropped over again.

Macnair crashed through the brush to the struggling team, two shots rang out and, as he clumped back, silence reigned.

"One had a broken leg, the other was cut open with a snag," he explained to the trader. "If Johnnie hadna apologized like a gentleman I would leave him here to die, but we better take him in." Stooping he gathered the wiry, bloody form in his great arms and started on the two mile walk to the settlement.

"Ta think of a mon sayin' my whuskey wouldna give the right effect," snorted Macnair as he deposited the helpless burden on the floor of his establishment. Next day, loaded on a dog-drawn sled they dragged Johnnie to his home in the poplars and turned him, wretched and shaken, over to his silent, patient spouse.

The northern stars blinked brightly, the frost sparkled on the trees, beneath the Aurora Borealis a mass of black clouds piled up and the wind soughed. Speedily the heavens were blotted out, the wind picked up and roared as it swept in its bitter strength. The poplars groaned and creaked; the spruces moaned as they entered their



HE RETURNED TO HIS SHACK AND HIS PATIENT WIFE

annual battle with the great winter storm; across the icy surface of the lake the blizzard howled as it sought something with which to wrestle. In Johnnie Bedotte's cabin the fireplace blazed as the upright logs caught the flames and snapped out sparks and heat. Three days had passed since his trip and his affliction had conquered him. In one corner stood his bale of pelts; in another his snowshoes, rifle and hunting outfit. Johnnie lay in a huddle of skins and robes on the floor, and his wife moved in and out as she worked. Outside the dogs had burrowed into the snowbanks to escape the screaming wind.

Suddenly Bedotte's squaw stopped and listened. From the outside came the crunch of snow, the tramp of feet, the sounds of men talking as they unharnessed dogs. Then the door was thrown open and three men, laden with packs of furs, stamped in and closed out the driving snow. They dropped their burdens and nodded to the woman, who nodded back; they spoke briefly to Johnnie and removed their outer garments, for the hospitality of the northland knows no forbidden guests when the storms blow.

The squaw commenced to prepare a meal. The men lighted pipes and conversed of their season's catch; Johnnie, between convulsions of coughing, joined in. Supper over, the squaw washed the dishes, and returned silently

to her corner by the fireplace where she squatted and stolidly watched one of the visitors bring forth a pack of cards and thumb them slowly. Johnnie's eyes sparkled; the woman's glowed, but the cause of the expression was different. With the loss of little time the four men commenced to play, first dragging Johnnie on his bed closer to the light of the blazing logs, and then gathering around, sitting crosslegged on the floor.

Outside the storm grew in fury and the poplars cracked, while the spruces crashed as they fell before the tempest. All night the men played, ceasing only to eat the meals prepared by the woman; all day the game went on while the storm pounded outside and whipped across the forest. The evening of the second twenty-four hours saw the gamblers haggard, grim, intent, losing steadily to Johnnie who piled his winnings behind him and urged the players on. Then came a turn of fortune. Adam, the Bear, drew good cards and commenced to win steadily. Johnnie's winnings vanished and he began to cut into his own store. By morning he was almost stripped, but his face showed no sign of despondency or disappointment; carved in iron he accepted good and poor hands alike; a drawn, brown wreck, he impassively gave or took as his cards dictated. Then he was down to the last hide, and his eyes gleamed as he saw his cards, but Adam's hand was better, and

Johnnie fell back on his pallet. The game stopped while the woman brought food again. Johnnie lay and stared at the split logs of the roof.

Breakfast over, they looked and found the storm had broken. The dogs were out and fighting among themselves, the sun shone down on the unbroken stretch of snow. The men agreed to play to noon and then take the trail again, Adam dickering with the others to haul his accumulated wealth. So they returned to the game, and Bedotte sat up. He spoke to his woman. She brought forth a bundle, which upon being opened proved to be a magnificent black fox skin, soft, fleecy, thick, wonderful. The trappers looked and longed, Adam's fingers itched as he fondled the cards. Johnnie caressed the skin tenderly, then laid it beside him; next he called for his rifle which he placed on the skin, then followed his clothing, beaded and gaudy, his snowshoes, traps, the blankets and skins from his wife's bed, the very blankets and skins too on which he lay. All went in the heap beside him, "I play heem ag'in all you got, Adam the Bear," whispered Bedotte, steadily, as his black eyes set against those of Adam.

"Et ees not enough," replied Adam,

lightly. "You mus' play more against my pile."

Johnnie thought.

"I add my dog team too," he said finally, holding himself in a sitting posture by main will power.

"I go you dere," agreed Adam, for Johnnie's team was the pride of the country, big, strong, tough and perfectly trained.

"Eet ees good," quoth the sick man, almost too low to hear. "Deal. One han' is enough, first cards." Adam nodded, the others strained forward, for it was a princely gamble. The woman sat beside her stripped hearth and appeared not to notice, giving no sign excepting a discouraged droop to her shoulders. They dealt and they looked.

"A pair of queens," announced Adam, laying his hand face up. Johnnie looked to see, then placed two kings on top of them.

"Give all to her," he muttered in Cree as he waved one hand at his wife and fell forward with the black blood gushing from his mouth. "I die," he bubbled throatily as his friends tried to pick him up. Then he closed his eyes and his spirit passed to the Unknown, while his squaw wailed by the fireplace.

## VENICE

BY T. D. J. FARMER

WHERE Brenta cast up her alluvial sands  
 In the dim centuries of long ago  
 She rose, a child of pride and pomp and show  
 Outrivalling all her other neighboring lands,  
 And wealth and commerce fell into her hands  
 From subject cities. And to-day although  
 'Mong the world's business marts she ranketh low  
 In Art's rich treasury she still commands.  
 But, 'mid her golden domes, her carved facades,  
 I sought in vain for verdant spreading shades,  
 I listened, but upon mine ear there rang  
 Of horse's hoofs no distant echoing clang  
 Nor sound of rumbling wheels—she hath not these—  
 Because her paths are o'er th' untrodden seas.

# Pioneering in New Ontario



HOW THOSE MEN WORKED, CUTTING DOWN TIMBER, GRUBBING OUT STUMPS,  
AND BUILDING LOG SHACKS

By Rufus Allen Burriss

Illustrated from Photographs

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—This is a first-hand story of the pioneer settlement of the district now known as "New Ontario," told in singularly vivid and direct form by the man who gathered up the first band of settlers twenty-five years ago, and embarked on a hard and hazardous journey into what was then a wilderness, and to-day is a region of thriving farms. He was urged on by a strong—some might say a blind—faith in the possibilities of the country, and time has proved him right. Of such stuff as the Canadian pioneers, both east and west, have been made.



R. A. BURRISS

The invasion of the American settler into Canada had just commenced, in a little trickle of a few hundreds a year—actual figures are not procurable—and

IN 1889 the phrase "New Ontario" was unknown to the world, and anybody who talked of colonizing it was laughed at for his pains. I know just how that laughter sounds. For this is the story of New Ontario's beginning, of which the end is not yet.

the government had not yet awakened to the settler-attracting campaign that has had such amazing results in the last decade. But I had for years worked on the idea of colonizing the rich Rainy River district with poor tenant farmers from the United States—men who had actual farming experience, but lacked capital to get a start; and I applied to the Crown Lands department of the Province of Ontario for twenty thousand acres of land. I got an amused "No" to my plea; but I persisted, and finally the minister said, "I guess we had better let him have it. Anyway he can't run off with it." So I made my first step in the scheme.

The next thing was to select the land

ready for the Government's surveyors, and in the dead of winter I made a one thousand five hundred mile trip over the ice of the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River, picked out my land, and by spring it was ready for the settlers. How I meant to carry it through, without money or support of any kind but my own word and a faith that it would succeed, I didn't know. But on the 7th day of May, 1889, some fifty heads of families arrived in Rat Portage, now Kenora, en route to Rainy River. There was one family from San Francisco; there were a grey-haired father, three grown sons and a son-in-law from Cottage Grove, Oregon. There were three men from a town in Illinois. Indeed in that little company seventeen states and all the eastern provinces were represented, even to Nova Scotia. All of them had left wives and children behind them; all came, attracted by free government land in the Rainy River Valley, and the prospect of being able to carve out a home and an inheritance for their families.

These sturdy, determined men were not rich. Wives had said to their husbands as they departed for the Canadian homestead land, "Don't try to send us any money. We'll get along somehow." And some of them had not enough for their own living expenses of the most modest sort. One man approached me quietly, and slid a five dollar bill into my hand, with the direction, "Will you give this to Green Norris? He looks like he needs it." At the first available opportunity I drew Norris aside, and said, "Mr. Fullerton asked me to give this to you." The money, all crinkled, was in the palm of his hand. He gazed at it a moment, and the tears trickled down his anxious face. He had left a wife and six children at home. And this was only one of the examples of brotherly feeling which pervaded this company of poor men who had assembled from the four quarters of the American continent to do battle with the wilderness. They were a remarkable crowd. They were moral and religious men, with an earnest purpose in life. Not one was a drinking man. Two proved to be camp

followers, and caused considerable trouble on various occasions; but in the mass, it was a singularly sturdy and strong-fibred group of settlers.

A hotel in Rat Portage had been chartered, and on Saturday night when all the representatives had arrived, a great reception was held in the dining room. Brief speeches were made by every man present. Ninetenths of them said, "My wife persuaded me to come." Many of them broke down, too strongly moved to complete their speeches.

Mr. Tapscott, the Baptist minister of the place, spoke with great feeling. He said, "This is the most marvelous sight I ever witnessed; my heart has been thrilled and stirred as never before." He concluded his remarks by inviting the strangers to take complete possession of the Baptist Temple, over the Lord's Day. He suggested that the centre seats of the church be occupied by the visitors; that the entire services be conducted by them, and that he and his congregation would be the guests, occupying the side seats. The invitation was accepted. I marched my people from the hotel to the temple, conducted the morning services, and invited a man by the name of Thomas to conduct the evening service. The reception given to this first American contingent to this new country was appreciated. This kindness helped and lifted many a burden from sick and sore hearts; for there are numerous trials in store for the poor man who endeavours to carve out a home in the wilderness.

It was on Monday, the tenth of May, that we embarked on the steamer Kenora. This was to be the last stage of our journey. All the men were quite happy; and most of them spent their remaining cash for provisions, and various supplies which they knew they would require. One man spent all of his surplus cash for three bushels of potatoes, about which we will hear again.

Our trip carried us two hundred miles through the Lake of the Woods and the Rainy River, through the islands and the famous sturgeon-fishing territory, and past the island known



OUR TRIP CARRIED US TWO HUNDRED MILES THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE OF THE WOODS AND RAINY RIVER

as "Hungry Hall". Do you wish to know how Hungry Hall derived its name? Many years ago, some fishermen and others were marooned on this island. It was the period just before the breakup. The ice on the Lake of the Woods freezes to the depth of thirty-six to forty inches. The lake is dangerous, when the icy floods rush down Rainy River, and great ice jams occur. The ice is solid between the islands, one great gorge.

It was the time of the ice in the early spring. It was many a weary day those lonely men had to wait. Their provisions grew less and less daily until they were on the verge of starvation. At last aid arrived. The half-famished men rushed for the supply like wild animals. Someone of the rescuing party remarked, "That was a hungry hall." So the place has been designated by that name ever since.

Rainy River is a splendid body of water separating Ontario and the state of Minnesota for about eighty miles. Rainy River is formed by

Rainy Lake. On this river is International Falls near Fort Francis, where thirty thousand horse power is being generated at the present time. We had one exciting experience at the Manitou Rapids. As we toiled along up the river, and were just about to make an abrupt turn, our steamboat gave several shrill blasts, which reverberated up the valley.

In a few minutes, the river bank on the Minnesota side was swarming with Indians. They put out from every point along the shore in their canoes, all headed for the steamboat. Among the first to arrive was an old Indian chief, a skilled river pilot. He was to take charge of our boat, and under his guidance, we were to ascend the rapids. As the other Indians came swarming around our boat, a coil of rope was placed in one of the largest canoes; and they all started along the shore, keeping close to the bank in order to avoid the madly rushing current. On and on they forged their way up the river, until at last they reached the placid waters above the



MEANTIME THE WOMEN-FOLKS HAVE BEEN BUSY LAYING OUT A BOUNTIFUL SPREAD, AND AFTER THE FRAME IS UP, HOW THOSE MEN DO EAT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A HUNDRED BARN-RAISERS PUTTING AWAY SOME GENUINE FARM COOKING.

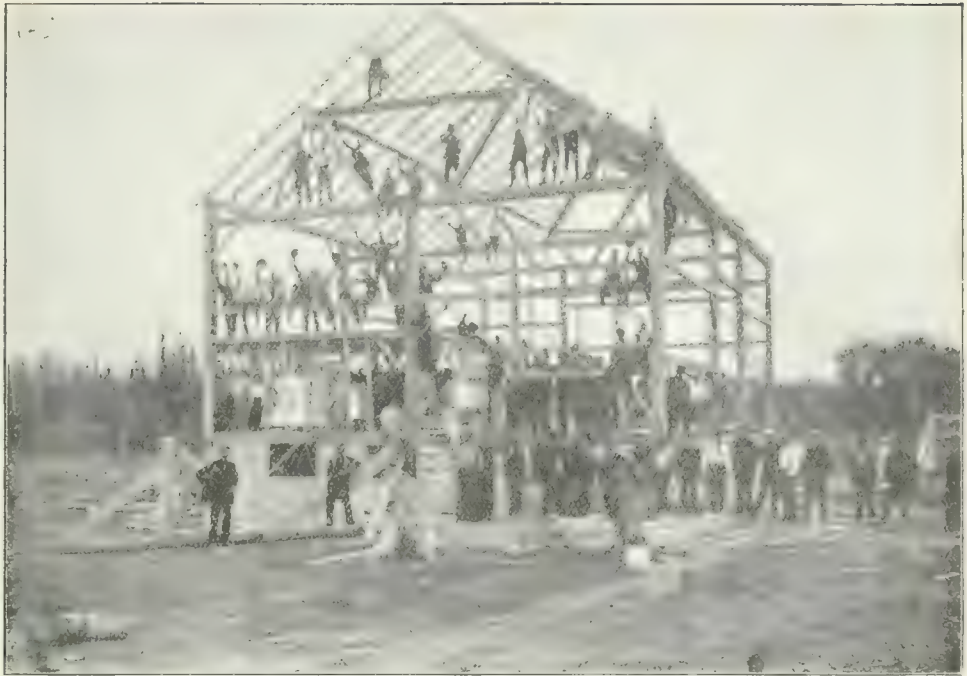
rapids; and well back on the shore they fastened the end of the rope securely to a large tree. The steamboat shrieked again, blowing off steam. The old Indian chief was at the wheel, and the engineer was given the signal to throw the throttle well open. The steamboat seemed to become a living plunging thing, as she dashed into the foam of the rapids. The rope, one end of which was attached to a tree on the bank of the river, and the other end to a capstan, was hidden for a while in the waters; but just as the dead pull came, the rope came to the surface. On and on, inch by inch, moved the steamboat, trembling in every fiber, at times standing still, until at last the Manitou had been conquered, and the rope was no longer required. The Indians were given a sack of flour, which they carried off to their reservation.

There were three steamboats all in company on this memorable trip. Captain Thompson had charge of the "Kenora." Then there were Captain Bridges and Captain Lous, making the

first voyage after the opening of navigation.

Another series of dangerous rapids was called the, "Soo Rapids". All night the steamboats lay at anchor. Very little information could be obtained as to what had caused the delay. I apprehended difficulty, for I knew by intuition some trouble was coming. In a private way, I approached every one of my men, and said, "Don't get off this boat without direct orders from me." Numerous questions were asked, but I was not in a situation to give any information. All I could say, "Wait, you will see."

Hours passed by, and I observed the situation growing more serious. I passed among my people again, and asked for their tickets. They asked why I wanted their tickets, but I could not tell. I did not know myself. As I anticipated, the water over the Soo Rapids was so shallow that the boats could not get over without grave danger; so it was evident that they were going to discharge their passengers on the banks of the river, in



LANCE JACK'S LARN NEAR EMO. THE FRAME IS UP, AND LAIRY LAD IS HUNGRY



A RAINY RIVER BARN IN PROCESS OF GOING UP. TWO SIDES ARE CHOSEN, AND THERE IS ALWAYS A LIVELY RACE BETWEEN THEM TO SEE WHICH SIDE WILL GET ITS TIMBERS INTO PLACE FIRST

the Indian Reservation, seventeen miles from our destination.

The steamboat kept moving up closer and closer to the shore; the gang plank was pulled out; and the order came to "get off". All the passengers aboard the other boats got off without a question. All the passengers of our boat except my people did likewise. There they were standing, waiting for my orders. They had their overcoats, lunch baskets, and effects, all in order, and were prepared to get off in a body.

The command in a stern voice from the Captain came to me. "Get your people off." With what calmness I could muster, I walked out and said, "Captain, my people are not going to get off this boat." No doubt he anticipated trouble with me and he was prepared for it, and he blurted out, "What in h—I is the matter with you?" One of the owners of the boat happened to be on board. He quickly approached the Captain and, placing his hand on his shoulder, said, "Don't talk that way to that man; he is not used to it." The Captain sat down and filled his pipe.

I invited the owner of the boat, and the purser to go with me into the purser's office. Then I closed the door and said, "I realize your position; you can go no further, but it is preposterous to attempt to put my people off here in the wilderness, seventeen miles from our destination. I have men here seventy years of age, women, children, stock, and effects, and these must receive some consideration." I stated further "It is my desire to help you out all I can. I will suggest that you take two of my men and go to the Indian reservation, and see if the Indians with their canoes can be hired to take us the rest of the way."

The idea struck him favorably. "I hadn't thought of that. I'll go," he agreed. But I called out two of my men and asked them to make the trip, and if possible to arrange with the Indians to take us to Emo. Off they went on the three mile trip to the Indian village, and I waited their return with anxiety.

At last they appeared, and as soon

as they got within shouting distance, we heard the welcome words, "The Indians will take us to Emo for seventy-five cents each, if we will walk the three miles round the rapids." Instantly I gave my people permission to disembark and start on the journey, in the meantime laying all their tickets on the purser's desk, with the request, "Please give me seventy-five cents for each of these tickets. Also I need four dollars to pay for a guide to go with the men who take the stock through by land. And besides, you must pay me for a boat to take all the effects to Emo."

The purser counted out the money without hesitancy, and I left the boat, seeing ahead of me a long string of men walking along the edge of the water, bound for the Indian village, and making haste to join them. But when I got there, a new trouble awaited us. The English missionary, acting as interpreter, introduced me to the chief, saying that the Indians were refusing to take their canoes over the rapids, for fear they would not be paid—"White man lie, never pay money".

I glanced over the scene. Along the shore a fleet of canoes lay, and on the bank all the Indians lay on the grass of the sunny slope, inert, inactive and glum. "Tell the chief," said I to the missionary, "that there is one white man who will not lie to an Indian. Every Indian who will take his canoe over the rapids will be paid, even if he is not used. Here is the money," and with that I put my hand in my pocket, withdrawing a handful of bills which I displayed to the chief.

His black eyes sparkled, and he transmitted the word to his men. Quicker than one can snap a finger, every Indian was rushing for his canoe, and in the next moment was in the boiling, tossing water of the Soo Rapids. There was never a more beautiful sight than the ensuing battle between man and water. I stood in profound admiration, and marvelled at the Indians' dexterity. My people also stood still, and waited, wondering what would happen next. When the first Indian brought his canoe out of the

boiling, foaming rapids, I assigned two of my men to the craft, ordered them to pay their Indian seventy-five cents on their arrival at Emo, and told them that I would refund them the money. As the other canoes came in, I continued the performance, repeating, "Pay your Indian, pay your Indian," until all but one Indian had been dispatched. Him I paid, and sent back; and then stepped into the canoe that had been reserved for my own use, manned by a fine, strong young Indian, and swung off into the waters of the river.

My canoeman could understand and speak some English. I offered him a reward if he would pass all the other canoes and put me into Emo first. There was a shout and a waving of hats, as we swept past canoe after canoe, and I was the first to reach Emo. It was a long and tiresome trip, but I stood on the riverbank and saw each Indian receive his pay. One man from Indiana, about fifty-five years of age, in attempting to get out of his small quarters, upset the canoe, and rolled out into the water. The stolid Indian smiled. The money was in my coat pocket. I found change and refunded to each his seventy-five cents. Another stage in our journey was ended.

That was the first boat in the spring. The people of the Rainy River Valley had been shut away from civilization for six months, and the first boat in the spring was welcomed. It was heavily loaded with provisions for all the little settlements along the river. The population of this magnificent valley was very small, at this time. No richer land can be found anywhere. All this valley was once the bottom of a great lake; Rainy River is now the channel. The soil of this valley is from two to fifty feet deep, and the most prodigious crops are produced. At that time, this district teemed with game of all descriptions, bear, wolf, mink, martin, deer, cariboo, and moose. One of my men from Kentucky found over fifty head of moose in his yard one morning. John Sweeney, and one or two of his neighbors, the first winter, tracked down four moose. The bull moose heard the tramping of the

hunters first, jumped up just to receive a leaden messenger, then the cow moose and two calves went down, thus providing meat for the new settlement. This was the favorite habitation for the Indian, the spot he considered his happy hunting ground.

I had chartered the Union Hotel, at Emo. The proprietor was overwhelmed. He simply gave me the keys of all the bedrooms, and advised me to bed the people. There were beds everywhere. I had a great time making complete arrangements, but the people were not fastidious, and were easily pleased. They were all glad to reach their destination, for many of them had travelled for a week or ten days. The old men, women, and children were tired.

Next morning, the sunrise was most beautiful, but the landlord and a few of his companions had been drinking liquor, and he was out of his right mind. He was angry with me and my people for not one of them entered his bar, or drank a drop of liquor. He had given me reduced rates; and because no money was spent over the bar, he informed me that he intended to raise the charges fifty cents per day. Here was a new day, and a new trouble. I intended to occupy the hotel only for a few days. My idea was to locate my men on the land, as soon as possible. I thought that all of my difficulties had been overcome, and I felt happy because I was on the verge of victory, but liquor interfered and attempted to dictate and drive me hard. I refused to be dominated by a man under the influence of liquor. He said, "You can't do otherwise; there are no other hotels; you will have to pay the price."

I called my people together in the parlor. They wondered what I had to say. I told them the story of the landlord's demand, and stated, "I will not submit; a way will be provided out of the difficulty." While I was speaking, I happened to glance out of the window, across the street. The street seemed to be filled with people in front of the leading store of the place. There was great agitation. A man in the crowd motioned to me to come down.

Before leaving the room, I admonished the people to have courage, and to remain seated until I returned. I ran out upon the street, bare-headed. A way was opened through the crowd, and the owner of the store said, "I have heard of your trouble, and I want to help you out; here is the key to my wharf-house. You can empty it and use it. Here is a stove, and stove pipes, and here are mattresses, and blankets. Take them all if you can use them." I said, "I will take them." Another man said, "Here is the key to my wharf-house, and ten thousand feet of lumber you can have. Take it all if you require it." I said, "I'll take it."

I rushed back upstairs and, in a few brief words, explained what had happened. Then and there, I formulated a plan to organize a hotel. I ordered my people to go at once and pay the landlord, then to take all of their effects out of the hotel, and pile them out in the street. I appointed two men to clean out the wharf houses. Two men were sent to get the stove, stove pipes, and put up the stove. Some who were carpenters were set at building tables and benches, others preparing sleeping places. One man from Rock Falls, Ill., and another from Oregon acted as cooks, at a dollar per day and board. I took the cooks, purchased all kinds of provisions, cooking utensils, knives, forks, and spoons and sent them to buy bread. Not a word was said, but men went sternly about obeying orders. In two hours from the time we were turned out, at twelve o'clock, dinner was announced; and a more sumptuous repast was never placed before a more grateful people.

At the Union Hotel, dinner had been prepared for seventy-five people, but every guest in the house left, and came to our hotel, which had been conceived, organized, and had had a meal made ready all in two hours.

I appointed a book-keeper. The cost of everything was kept, and equally divided, and it was found that our meals cost fifteen cents each. I kept the hotel going for a week or ten days, until I had all my men settled.

I achieved all this without money and did not go in debt. It was a financial proposition which carried itself.

Ten miles north-east of Emo, my tract of twenty thousand acres of land was located. The entire party started out to see it. There were teams and lunch baskets, I hired a guide, and we arrived at the corner of the land about noon. This was a great day in the wilderness. The young men opened the lunch baskets, and the provisions were put out on logs, and on the ground. There was a beautiful spring of water, cold as ice, and as clear as crystal. I rose from where I was seated on a log, and called upon J. Carry Smith, from Richmond, Indiana, to return thanks. Every head was uncovered and bowed in reverence. It was a joyous meal.

It is said that troubles never come singly. A trouble here came to me like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I suggested that the old men remain by the baskets, and rest; and all the others take the trip of inspection. We were prepared to start, when one of the party, a man from Ohio, stood forth, and said, "Gentlemen, we have been deluded and misled. This entire proposition has been misrepresented. The task to conquer this forest and to carve out a home is too great a task. The work is too stupendous; we will simply be squandering our time. Now is the time to go back. Nothing is to be accomplished by going on. I am going back. I would advise all of you to go back."

As quick as a flash, I was on a log, and my first words attracted attention. I said, "Go back! Go back to what? What did you leave? You are all too poor to go back. Here are our possessions, and there is one hundred and sixty acres of this fertile land, covered with magnificent timber, for each man. Every man before me now is worth one thousand dollars. True, we are isolated now. Because this country is almost inaccessible, and because of its remoteness is the very reason you can obtain a free home. The railway will come and then the people will flock in, but you will be in advance of all, and consequently reap a rich harvest.



NOT ONLY HAS NEW ONTARIO BECOME A THRIVING AGRICULTURAL REGION, BUT IT IS FULL OF GOOD FISHING AS WELL

Rainy River holds out no chances for the faint-hearted, the hesitating, or the man who does things by halves; on the contrary, it will break and crush him. You will have to pull against the collar for at least three years. Nature rules with a stern sway, and you must be prepared to pay her toll, if you would gain her treasures. We are at the corner of the promised land, and we are going to go around and inspect it; and you, sir, a doubting Thomas, and a coward, may go back. We are not here to go back. Take the lead, guide. Forward, men."

A shout went up, the guide started along the survey line, and all the men followed, shouting, singing, and laughing. Hour after hour, we trudged along the freshly cut survey line, floundered in muskeg and silently and slowly crawled through the dense woods of pine, tamarac, spruce, cedar, and poplar.

This was a tiresome day for me. I fell by the way-side as I climbed the brush of the survey line, and my young heroes carried me out. The day was a victorious one. It requires considerable pluck to get into a country in advance of the band of steel, but it is the men who get in then, who will score success.

This was a memorable day. I have

never seen so many tired, miserable, yet happy men before in my life. A good supper and a good sleep restored their courage; and when I called them together the next morning, it was unanimously agreed upon that I should apportion the land.

Some might have thought this task would be an impossible one. This is the way I went about it. I had a large township map. I asked every man to indicate on paper whom he would like for his neighbor. This was an unlooked for suggestion, and had the tendency to intensify their interest in the proposition.

For two hours, there was a constant stream of conversation, each man consulting his friends; but at last, the last paper was handed in, and I went into my room, and in an hour's time, I had every man's name written down on a quarter section. The map was then placed on a large table for inspection. Every man crowded in to see where his farm was; and as each one turned away, he said, "I'm satisfied." There was only one dissatisfied man.

I was soon made to comprehend the great difficulties with which I had to contend in order to establish my people. No farm work could be done, for the people were too poor to make a start. While the land was being pre-

pared for the crops, remunerative work must be provided. To solve this difficulty, I appealed to the Provincial Government, and secured a grant of about twenty-five hundred dollars for road construction, for there were no roads. Some of the brave souls carried their effects in on their shoulders; some erected tents; others built log shacks. The road-work proved a blessing. How those men worked cutting down timber, grubbing out stumps, digging ditches, and grading roads, which would pass in front of their cabin doors; they received one dollar and a half per day and board. One man, from what is now Oklahoma, came with a team. Down near Rainy River, I asked a farmer to let Green Norris have enough land in which to plant three bushels of potatoes. I asked the Indian Nation man to plow it. The potatoes were planted. Then came on the road construction work, the building of a house, and other responsibilities. The potatoes were never cultivated. Late in the fall Green Norris concluded to go and investigate. He thought he might get a few bushels of potatoes. Great was his surprise when the little patch yielded him seventy bushels.

Log cabins were built. Families

kept coming through. A church was organized. Then a school-house was erected. Next came a saw-mill, store, and post-office. Prosperity crowned their labor. It was not many months, until the twenty thousand acres were occupied. Then I called for twenty thousand more, then another, then another. Twelve years have passed by, and my family of prosperous people has grown, from a handful at first, to over three thousand. We have established seventy rural school districts, and our people, all of whom came in poverty, are worth now in lands, chattels, and cash over three millions of dollars. The Canadian Northern Railway runs through our settlement. No more happy or contented people can be found. Green Norris, who has prospered with all the others, recently wrote to me, stating, "I have fifty tons of fine hay for sale. Can you give me the names of buyers?" Buyers were plentiful, and his hay was worth twenty dollars per ton.

The secret of a useful life is to help others to help themselves. Thousands of poor men only want a chance. To help a man, thus enables him to become a better husband, a better father, a better citizen, and above all, a better Christian.

## PREMONITION

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

THE wind swung into the south an hour,  
 The smudged snow melted and turned to grey,  
 And though I knew it was February,  
 With Maytime all of two months away,

Yet there in the street I walked more lightly;  
 Smelt open water; saw, though I knew  
 The Mud Hen lay in her winter quarters,  
 Her white sail arching against the blue.

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# Aunt Ingham's Invitation

By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by Margaret Hittle



JESSIE INGHAM came in from the postoffice, flushed with excitement, but prettier than ever. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, holding up an envelope, "here's the invitation from Aunt Ingham."

Aunt Ingham was rich, and lived in New York. A few months before she had stayed a day or two with her sister, and had then promised to ask Jessie to spend part of the winter with her.

"Yes! it is the invitation," cried Mrs. Ingham, after having read the letter.

"Oh! I am so glad," cried Jessie. "But, dear me! what shall I wear?"

"We must manage somehow," replied the mother, thinking, with a sigh, of their straitened income. "As a preliminary step, suppose you bring down your black silk."

Many and glowing were the visions that glided through Jessie's brain during the next week of preparation. Mrs. Ingham had a talent for fitting, and Jessie was clever at trimming and arranging. Sad to say, there was little enough to arrange and trim. The black silk was sponged, and went through such extraordinary transformations that it would not have been

astonished to find itself Nile green or sky blue at the closing ceremonies. Mrs. Ingham brought to light an ample black velvet mantle of irreproachable pile; this she cut into an evening wrap, which was just the thing for Jessie's tall and elegant figure.

"If my child is poor, among the stylish and fashionable girls she will meet at her aunt's," she said, "she has the figure of the Churchills, that many of them would barter their diamonds to obtain."

A brown cloth dress of Mrs. Ingham's, unworn for years, and, therefore, abundant in material, was ruthlessly sacrificed at Jessie's shrine, in spite of her conscientious remonstrances, and made into a neat suit for travelling and every-day wear. A long, curling, black ostrich plume was also produced from the same mysterious receptacle, and twined around a little black velvet hat, giving it an air at once romantic and fashionable. The packing day was an occasion of anxious and momentous interest. Jessie looked on breathlessly while the velvet wrap was settled into its place.

"Don't you think, mamma, that I had better call Sarah to stand on the

lid, for fear it will not shut down?" suggested Jessie, as the last tray was put into the trunk.

Mrs. Ingham could scarcely keep her countenance; there was no lack of unoccupied corners in that trunk.

"No, dear. I think it will fasten quite easily."

"What's all this? So you are really going down to the city, Jessie?" said a white-haired old lady, who had entered the room unperceived.

"Oh, Mrs. Thurston! I did not hear you come in. Yes, ma'am, I am going on Monday."

"If she had seen as much of it as you and I, Mrs. Ingham, she would not be so jubilant. I wonder you are not afraid to trust her with those gay cousins of hers!"

"Jessie is a discreet girl, and I do not think a glimpse of the world will do her any harm," said her mother.

"Perhaps not. At all events, I have brought you an old woman's contribution, Jessie, to help a possible toilet in the gay world." As she spoke, she unrolled several yards of exquisite old lace.

"Oh, how beautiful! But don't give it to me, Mrs. Thurston, keep it yourself."

"My child, I have kept it for forty years. I think it should once more emerge to do duty on a white young neck, and fair young arms; put it in the bottom of your trunk—you will find some use for it."

Monday morning came; the early train condescended to stop at the little station, and Jessie was duly on board in time, with the peaceful consciousness that her trunk was also safely deposited in the baggage-car behind her.

Mrs. Ingham had told Jessie to sit perfectly still until her uncle should come into the car to find her. So, when they reached New York, she remained in her seat, her bright brown eyes scanning closely every face that entered.

"Ah! there he is—that's Uncle Ingham."

"Here you are, Jessie, safe and sound!"

"Quite so, sir."

"Give me your checks, we will have to take a car. Your aunt and the girls were out in the carriage."

Jessie assented to every proposal, and they were soon at her uncle's house. The hall door opened. What light and warmth and sound streamed out into the foggy street.

A fresh, silvery voice was singing, "Ye Merry Birds," in the parlor. Her aunt greeted Jessie cordially; and Emeline, a blonde, with fair, wavy hair, was sufficiently warm. Pauline, at the piano, rose and fluttered forward gracefully.

"Why, Jessie, I am very glad. How is Aunt Frances? Come upstairs and remove your hat and wraps before dinner."

"You have just enough time; the room behind mine, Pauline," said her aunt, with that suavity and grace of manner for which she was remarkable.

Pauline was polite in offering brushes, combs, and so on, but Jessie had prudently provided those articles in her travelling-bag.

"Oh! never mind stopping to do over your hair; it does very nicely as it is," said her cousin.

Jessie wished Pauline would leave her alone to arrange things to suit herself. She could do nothing satisfactorily with that amiable face looking on, and that irreproachable toilet beside her. Her dress suddenly seemed to turn old-fashioned and poor.

She got through the evening very well—her aunt and cousins were very kind and attentive; but she felt a certain shyness among such well-dressed and elegant ladies. She was glad to plead fatigue, and retire at an early hour.

I cannot say that any of Jessie's glowing anticipations were distinctly realized. Her cousins and aunt were civil and kind enough, but evidently she was considered a personage of the smallest importance. When callers came, Jessie was always introduced; but beyond a few polite inquiries as to "how she liked New York," and remarks on the state of the weather, they had no conversation for her. Jessie was twice as clever as the majority of the men and women who

came to Mrs. Ingham's house; but if, when sometimes encouraged by the attention of some young gentleman who recognized a handsome face and elegant figure when he saw one, she ventured to laugh and talk with her natural vivacity and freedom, her cousins would look at her with a sort of displeased astonishment, which could not fail to constrain and silence a timid young girl, who had not learned to trust to her own instinctive notions of propriety.

Jessie went alone to the galleries and the Metropolitan. She had overheard her aunt one day sharply reproving Emeline and Pauline because they did not convey her to all the places to be seen. Pauline had replied angrily that it was not her place to march around with all the country girls that her mother chose to bring up to see the sights. Emeline laughed at Pauline, and said that her sister thought such a handsome brunette as Jessie altogether an inappropriate walking companion, and declared that she would see to her herself. She was as good as her word, as far as a walk down Broadway went; but she encountered a young woman who was on a shopping tour, and shopping being Emeline's delight, the sight-seeing was instantly relinquished, and poor Jessie was obliged to agree that to be dragged around through different shops all the morning was perfectly to her taste.

Jessie, however, was blessed with a perfect capacity to find her way; she made good use of her eyes, and in a short time was able to roam about at will. She never tired of examining beautiful carvings and embroideries, or watching the endless succession of the streets. All these things, and the sounds and sights of the city were entirely novel to her. The rush of life on the crowded thoroughfares did not bewilder her; on the contrary, it seemed to her the very companionship and amusement she had been wanting all her life.

She was walking through one of the cross streets one day, when a tiny little terrier dog, a perfect gem of diminutiveness, bounded past her side, but catching Jessie's admiring gaze, wheeled

around and seemed disposed to make her acquaintance.

"Why, what a little fellow you are to be out all by yourself," she said. "Don't you think you had better come home with me?"

The little dog seemed to relish this style of address very much and jumped and capered around Jessie as though she were an old established acquaintance. The street was quite solitary; so, as she pursued her way, she talked to her new little friend to her heart's content, he responding after his own fashion.

"I should like to know who you belong to, little one," said Jessie, as she reached the corner.

She was not left long in doubt, for, as she turned to cross the street, a voice behind her called:

"Imp! Imp!"

Jessie involuntarily turned her head, and saw an amused face belonging to a tall, decidedly stylish and well-dressed gentleman.

Imp treacherously forsook his new friend at the sound of his master's voice; and the two disappeared down the avenue.

"There now," thought Jessie, coloring very much, "that comes of my country manners, I suppose. Nobody but me would have talked to a dog in the street. I daresay he was laughing at me all the way. Pauline and Emmy would ridicule me to death if they knew it. Well, they won't know it from me!"

When she reached home, she found the two girls in excited and earnest consultation over what costumes should be selected for some occasion of moment.

"Where are you going, Emeline?" said Jessie, as she paused before the fire to warm her cold fingers.

"To Mrs. Chetard's; a grand party on the nineteenth, given to Irene on her coming out."

"The nineteenth! Why, that is more than a week off."

"I know that; but I haven't the smallest idea what to wear."

"Wear your green silk. That is more becoming to you than anything you have."

"Oh! I couldn't think of wearing that; I had it on at the Daters' the other evening, and lots of times before."

"But you could make it over, with a chiffon overdress, couldn't you?"

"Make it over!" ejaculated Emeline, in scornful accents. "Make over a dress for such an affair as Mrs. Chetard's will be—that shows you know nothing about it."

Feeling that she did know nothing about it, and cared still less, Jessie departed to her own room to take off her hat and coat, and continue the perusal of an absorbing novel she had found there.

At the dinner table her aunt looked up when the subject of the party was broached.

"Did you give Jessie her card of invitation, Pauline?"

"No, ma'am, I forgot it," replied Pauline, indifferently.

"Jessie's invitation! When did that come?" said Emeline.

"Two hours ago," said her mother, "with a note from Mrs. Chetard, begging pardon for having omitted it when the others were sent. She said she had just learned that I had a young friend with me, and hoped she would pardon what looked like incivility, and be sure to come."

"I am much obliged to Mrs. Chetard; but I cannot go," said Jessie, quietly.

"Why, my dear, I should be sorry for you to miss an opportunity you may never have again in your lifetime."

"I have nothing to wear, Aunt Ingham."

"That is a decided obstacle," interposed Pauline. "One would hate to be shabbily dressed at such a brilliant affair."

"I have a white silk that you are perfectly welcome to; and Pauline, I am sure, would be delighted to lend you her scarlet satin sash and coral hair-band," said Emeline, maliciously indifferent to her sister's angry looks.

"Thank you, Emeline; but I think I prefer to stay at home and entertain uncle."

"Thanks, Jessie," said her uncle; "that is more than either of my daughters ever said for me, old clothes

or not. Come and pay me a visit in my study, and we'll talk it over."

Wondering much what he could have to say on the subject, Jessie followed her uncle. To her surprise and delight, he told her that he wanted her especially to go to Mrs. Chetard's party, and as a new dress was requisite, that new dress she should have; so he put into her hands a sufficient sum for the purpose, particularly desiring that she should purchase a silk, and that it should be pink.

Now you may think that because Jessie had lived in the country most of her life, she knew nothing at all of the proper style and cut of a lady's attire. But you are mistaken. Jessie had an innate knowledge of what was truly tasteful. Besides, she had not been in New York two weeks without finding what was the especial direction of the reigning mode. So, on this occasion, she quietly made up her mind to consult no one, but follow out her own ideas, and have a costume adapted to her style, and yet according to the prevailing fashion.

The evening of the ball arrived. Jessie's dress was perfect. I shall not attempt to give you any description of it, beyond that it was peach-blossom pink, which showed off her dark hair and beautiful skin to perfection. I will not add another word, except to remind you of how white Jessie's round arms, bare from the elbow, looked under that filmy old lace of Mrs. Thurston's, that had once come into play to add perfection to her Marie Antoinette toilet or how the wreath of pink roses nestled among the curls and puffs of rich brown hair that matched in color her shining eyes.

It is enough to say that the dress was as pretty as a dress could be, and that Jessie looked as she had never done before. If that loving mother, far away in the poor little house in the country village, praying for every joy and blessing for her darling, could only have taken one look at her then.

Jessie was a little late, and her cousins were already impatient, standing in full costume downstairs, to be inspected by their father, when she descended.



"HASN'T IMP SPOKEN OF ME FREQUENTLY SINCE THE OTHER DAY, MR. FIELD?"  
INQUIRED JESSIE, SAUCILY, AS THEY PROMENADED

"Why, Jessie, you are quite dazzling," ejaculated Mrs. Ingham.

Pauline and Emeline pretended not to look at her, which fact, coupled with a studied avoidance of the subject of dress and appearance, on the way to

Mrs. Chetard's, gave little Jessie an uneasy feeling that she did not look especially well after all.

The ball, as far as Miss Jessie Ingham was concerned, was a triumphant success. Her aunt made many skillfully

directed efforts to keep her in the background; but that was impossible to do. Jessie was most radiant, and her costume was undeniably elegant and stylish. So many partners, so much attention—Jessie thought a ball the most enchanting experience to be imagined.

Mrs. Chetard came up, during the evening, to present "my nephew, Mr. Everhard Field."

Jessie recognized in an instant Imp's master, and the recognition was mutual. Jessie was astonished that they should meet again. Mr. Field showed no surprise, but a vast amount of satisfaction, which he testified by remaining not far from Jessie the whole evening. If he liked to be near her, she was anything but displeased; the other men might dance well enough, but none of them danced as Mr. Field; the other men might talk well enough, but they were nothing to Mr. Field; she had seen him before; she felt that intuition which it is so sweet to follow, that he was her friend.

"Hasn't Imp spoken of me frequently since the other day, Mr. Field?" said Jessie, saucily, as they promenaded down the long hall.

"Not in so many words, Miss Ingham, but he has been visibly dejected. I think he and I are in need of the same remedy."

"What is that?" said Jessie, with curiosity.

"I am sorry to disturb your promenade, Jessie, my dear," said her aunt's soft voice at this moment, "but I am just about to make my adieus. Mr. Field, you are in town for the winter, I hope?"

"As far as I can see, Mrs. Ingham."

"You have kept yourself so far from us, for the last years, that you have almost forgotten what pleasures New York can offer you during our gay winter months. We will have to show him, won't we, Jessie?"

"I shall certainly test your capacity, Mrs. Ingham. I accept that offer on the spot," said Mr. Field.

Nothing could be more smiling and attentive than Mrs. Ingham's manner was to Mr. Everhard Field, or more affectionate to Jessie. Jessie was puz-

zled over her evident desire to win Mr. Field's attention.

"I will do myself the pleasure of calling to-morrow," said Mr. Field, as he put Jessie in the carriage.

"Well, Jessie," said Mrs. Ingham, as they rolled homeward, "your pink dress and your winning ways have done you some service if you have caught Mr. Field. Do you know, child, that Everhard Field is the catch of the season—he is worth, without exaggeration, millions?"

"How absurd, mamma," said Pauline, "to say a man is caught just because he dances a few times with a girl."

"There were many black looks cast upon you to-night, I can tell you, Jessie," pursued her aunt. "Mr. Field is considered a star of the first magnitude; he is a peculiar sort of man, too; he receives all overtures with great composure, and takes good care not to show the slightest preference for any one of our belles."

"Does he?" said Jessie, absently. She was thinking that if Mr. Field was so rich and sought after, there was little chance that he would take any more notice of her.

The next morning, Jessie began the delightful task of transcribing to her mother all the delights of the ball; the dancing and the throng of beautiful girls were dwelt upon at great length; and Mr. Everhard Field held a prominent place in Jessie's records. These labors were broken by the announcement that Mr. Field himself was in the drawing-room, and has especially asked for "Miss Jessie Ingham."

"Oh, dear!" thought she, with a sigh, "nothing to go down in but this old brown dress; he will wonder what has become of the young lady in the pink silk."

It was not without a very uncertain and fluttering heart that Jessie descended the staircase. She paused a second at the drawing room door. "Now he will see what a poor, awkward country girl I am," she thought.

Mr. Field did not seem to see anything of the sort. He saw what he thought the sweetest, frankest little face in the world; the slight shade of



"DON'T YOU THINK, MAMMA, I HAD BETTER CALL SARAH TO STAND ON THE LID?"

embarrassment thrown over her was not the thing to injure her effect in the eyes of a man like Everhard Field. Pauline and Mrs. Ingham were brilliant and amusing in their conversation; but Mr. Field, with most pointed courtesy, addressed the greater part of his remarks to Jessie, and in an unobtrusive way was so evidently taken up with her, that Mrs. Ingham felt like biting his head off.

As he rose to take leave, Mr. Field asked Jessie if she would drive with him in the afternoon, an invitation which she accepted with inward delight. Whatever tact Everhard might display in bringing her into the conversation with her aunt and Pauline, she could not get over the restraint that their presence invariably inspired; and to talk and laugh at will, when she knew she would find ready sympathy and appreciation, was a keen pleasure in anticipation. Mr. Field was impatient to have his little wild flower all to

himself. He could see that Jessie, under the eye of her suave aunt, and the smiling and animated little Jessie of the ball room were two different creatures.

That drive was one of unalloyed pleasure to Jessie, and so satisfactory to Mr. Field, that he proposed a walk the next morning. Every day, through some excuse, he found himself in Jessie's society. There was always some expedition that they must make together. Such rare and beautiful baskets of fruit and flowers appeared, with the invariable address, "Miss Jessie Ingham," that Mrs. Ingham was ready to die of envy at the evidences of Mr. Field's wealth and generosity. There is something imposing in being brought face to face with wealth. Mr. Field's cars, and horses, and servants, impressed Mrs. Ingham with profound respect every time she saw them, because for one reason they were, so to speak, in the market; and she was

filled with wrath to think that, instead of her Pauline, it was her country niece who seemed destined to have these things.

"If I can only keep the man from proposing," she thought; "and get her home, there may be some chance for Pauline yet."

But she was too wise to betray herself by speech or manner. If Jessie did come into possession of that magnificent establishment on Madison Avenue, Mrs. Everhard Field in embryo was not to be slighted.

"Have you ever heard Tetrizzini sing, Miss Jessie?" said Mr. Field, one Monday afternoon as they sat in the drawing room.

"Never," said Jessie, trying to perform an intricate stitch in crochet that Emeline had showed her.

"Then you will to-morrow evening, when we go to the Philharmonic Concert."

"Philharmonic Concert! I am not going to the Philharmonic Concert."

"What! Did I not tell you that I had tickets? Did I not ask you to go with me?"

"Never!" said Jessie, laughing.

"But you will go, won't you?"

"I don't know," said Jessie, gravely.

"I don't know that I ought to spend

my last evening in New York away from home."

"Your last evening in New York! Surely, you do not go on Wednesday!" he cried.

"I fear I must," she said, unable to repress a rising color at Everhard's slight start.

"Jessie," said Mr. Field, in a low voice, "I cannot let you go without leaving me some promise that I shall see you again. I have been so happy in these last few weeks with you, Jessie—from my heart I love you. Only tell me, that I may have that happiness forever."

"But I have known you such a short time," faltered Jessie.

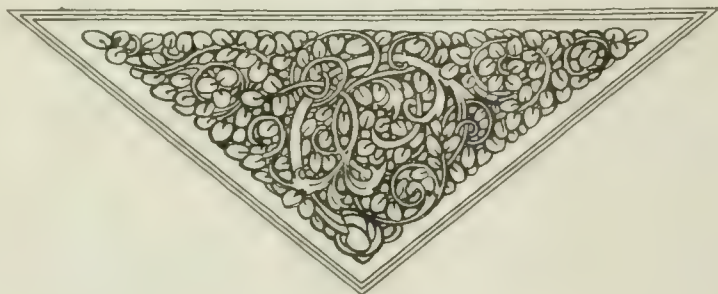
"That is nothing, nothing at all," said Everhard, eagerly. "If you can care a little for me, it is all that I ask now. Only tell me that you trust me, and will give yourself to me."

"I do trust you," said Jessie, lifting her frank eyes to his.

"And the rest?"

Her answer was not distinctly audible, but he was satisfied; and it was Mr. Everhard Field who accompanied Jessie home.

Mrs. Everhard Field has a house on Madison Avenue, and a villa on the Hudson, and her aunt, in consequence, is the most assiduous and eager of her "thousand friends".





*This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.*

#### THE WHITE MORNING



**W**HITE was the world when the shades were raised. The snow was late in coming, and rarer than it used to be in Canada in the old days. Of late, one finds each year more resemblance in the matter of weather to the Old Country with its fog and rain and thick mist. But to wake one morning and find the Snow Man in possession is most exhilarating. "Silently as a dream the fabric rose; no sound of hammer or of saw was there," says

Cowper, in one of his touches of rare beauty. And yet, we think of the roses of summer—of the exquisite summer moon-nights when the queer, little-known musicians of the grass were playing in orchestra and the one man in the world was— Ah, well!

#### OLD WINTER

**A** TIME of age is old Winter. And yet, he is the enemy of age. The sad little sentence—"I hardly think she

will outlive the winter," is spoken by the middle-aged daughter of some most dear old mother. The enemy, with every cold blast, knocketh upon the door. The old earth, robbed of the passionate embraces of her god, the sun, consoles herself, much as do other women, with the thought of the seedlings hidden deep in her bosom under the soft fleece of snow, seedlings which will burgeon in the spring—the pleasant spring which is now advancing upon us. Odd thoughts come to us in the dead of the year while winter still broods over the earth—thoughts of the vast, sullen power of the restless sea, of the sentinel hills, scarred and old; the changes in our own lives from last edge of spring to this; the incredible swiftness of time; the sad knowledge that with hope, youth too, is fleeing.

The owl, rolled into a ball of feathers, is still sleeping soundly in the deep hollow of an old tree. The mole has burrowed his way deep into the ground in search of food—to where the worms lie secure from the frost, for his summer hunting-ground is tenantless. The chipmunk lies asleep by his store of nuts and acorns, and the long-tailed field mouse has still a fairly full granary. His pretty cousin, the dormouse, who tied himself into a ball with his tail last November, has stirred once in his

snooze and turned himself over for another nap. Mother Earth holds all these and myriad others in her warm breast all the long winter time, and, often, thinking of them, we have caught ourselves walking softly through the woods and lanes, mindful of the wonderful life underfoot, for one of the tenderest mysteries of winter-time is the maternity of this great earth of ours.

#### WHAT IS MORALITY?

ONE would think that anyone could answer the above query. Apparently in Ontario, at all events, and in Toronto more especially, the question has two answers. Quite recently we

were treated to an exciting—and hasty—lawsuit against a certain Toronto music hall for a so-called immoral exhibition on its boards. That same week Toronto society—the woman contingent of it especially—were rushing to see a royal concubine exhibit the jewels she had won from an asinine young king at her own price. Our new-fledged “titled” aristocracy was in the theatre every night; not to see this creature act, for act she could not, nor dance, nor sing, but merely to see the rope of pearls which cost a young royal fool his throne; to gloat over the “gowns” this very unmoral young woman wore. She, who had sold herself in the highest market the world holds, who was drawing \$4,000 a week merely to exhibit her charms, cost aristocratic Toronto \$18,000 in one week.

Said a barber from an outside town to the man he was shaving:

“I went down to Toronto to see the French dancer everybody is talking about, but there was a better one at the vaudeville show here. Why, the Frenchie couldn’t dance, couldn’t sing, couldn’t do nothing. She was pretty enough, and all fussed out—but I’ve seen girls at twelve dollars a week who could beat her every way.”

As they certainly could. The point of the argument is this, however. Why should clergymen, “moral” detectives and others hound the poor “night-stand” girl who wears tights (oh, what an old, old story!) and camps in a miserable hotel or lodging-house—why should they try to shut the doors of the cheap theatre to which people with little money go after the day’s work, and permit a king’s one-time mistress to exhibit the price of her shame before the tin-knights of Canada and their ladies! Why the discrimination? Is it because our beloved shepherds and pastors who bleat from their pulpits every Sunday are afraid to tackle “the little weaknesses” of their wealthy patrons, but most valiantly unloose the vials of their wrath on the poorly-paid chorus girl, or cheap theatre? Two words arise in my mind with which to label such ungodly and weak men, but I may not write them



WHAT IS MORALITY? ARE THERE TWO MORAL CODES,  
OR THREE, OR FOUR?

lest, dear Madam, your refined soul be offended.

#### REFINED SOULS

"WHAT went ye out for to see? A reed shaken in the wind?" You know better. No mere piping wind would draw any of you. You, or the "moral" censors of your city, drag the manager of a music hall before the court to answer to the charge that some of the men and women he employed made obscene jests and "danced in tights"—and at the same time, the drawing-card in one of Toronto's big theatres was the appearance of a woman who exploited her own shame and the dishonor of an uncrowned king! Let me say that everywhere the beads of morality are strung upon elastic. The nicest, most refined women, the women who would be the first to draw away their laces from some poor down-and-out sister of the streets, were those who crowded eagerly to see a woman whose shame was wrought as a crown of glory about her unashamed brow.

How can we run to see an immoral and rich actress, and at the same time permit our officers of the law to arrest and hale to court a young girl who does a similar song and dance or similar act in a cheap vaudeville house? Crowds gather to see a declassé pose in Paris gowns and Portuguese jewels. A girl, or girls, of perhaps more beauty, did their acts at the cheaper theatres to which ladies do not go. The French-woman was written up in the press—as though she were really a decent, honest and brilliant creature of heart, soul and intellect. The sob sisters and brethren fell over the English language trying to describe, not merely her loveliness, but her lovableness. And all the while the dear pastors were stoning the other woman. 'Is this right? Are there two moral codes, or three, or four? If there was wrong—as there might have been—in the smaller theatre, why was the same wrong overlooked in the larger and more fashionable place of



THE DRAWING CARD IN ONE OF TORONTO'S BIG THEATRES WAS THE APPEARANCE OF A WOMAN WHO EXPLOITED HER OWN SHAME AND THE DISHONOR OF AN UNCROWNED KING

amusement? And why did the nicest of our women patronize the latter?

Where, in fact, do you—clergyman, justice of the peace, or man in the street—draw the line?

#### BIBLICAL SAYINGS

WE HAVE been collecting sentences from the Bible which you would never believe could be found there. They seem so commonplace, and what a little girl would call "every-day-like." Here are a few with chapter and verse:

"What ailed thee, O thou sea."—Psalms CXIV., 5.

"It was fierce."—Genesis XLIX., 7.

"Take thee a tile."—Ezekiel IV., 1.

"Take thee a barber's razor."—Ezekiel v., 1.

"Take thee much soap."—Jeremiah ii., 22.

"One of them took a sponge."—Matthew xxvii., 48.

"Thou shalt not take thee a wife."—Jeremiah xvi., 2.

"Dine with me at noon."—Genesis xliii., 16.

"I am thirsty."—Judges iv., 19.

"Set thine house in order."—ii. Kings xx., 1.

"If I drink I will pay for it."—Numbers xx., 19.

"Isaac was sporting."—Genesis xxvi., 8.

"I go a-fishing."—John xxi., 3.

"One goeth with a pipe."—Isaiah xxx., 29.

"Drink thy water by measure."—Ezekiel iv., 11.

Who, for instance, would allow off-hand that "It was fierce," appeared in the Holy Book?

#### LAUNDRY WORK

"MY BUSINESS," said the bustling little woman, as she set forth her array of creams and washes in the Beauty Parlor, "is to iron the creases out of Society. I mean the wrinkles on

the faces of Madam This-or-That, and sometimes I am busy from morning to night.

"But how do you do it?"

"I just iron them the same as I would a handkerchief, only harder," said the little woman, smiling somewhat maliciously. "I first iron the face with a flat iron and then I put on heaps of cold cream. It is not easy to do and it takes it out of me. Here is a patient coming in who won't object to your seeing the whole process, if I ask her—unless you want to have your own face ironed, you know."

Declining the soft impeachment that a young thing like the Pedlar ever owned up to a wrinkle, and the patient being agreeable, we are able to describe the beautifying process.

To begin with, the patient had a face like an orange, just as rough-skinned and as yellow. Such a skin was never seen before.

The Beauty Doctor began with face steaming. She laid hot wet cloths over the lady's face, then while these cloths were still applied she went all over her skin with a warm iron, steaming and rubbing it. Then she rubbed in half a pot of skin food. After this had been absorbed and the residue wiped off, she polished the patient's face with a powder-puff until it was as white as alabaster. Then she dusted it off with a dry puff and began the making up. She rubbed the whole face over with a pink powder which she worked in thoroughly, accentuating the color on the cheeks. She darkened the brows and eyelashes with something brown that she took out of a bottle; she reddened the lips and then bade the lady look at herself in the glass.

"Mercy," said the patient, "how well I look! I'll give you half all I have if you make me look like that all the time."

"I don't want half all you have," said the little woman, as she pocketed a handsome fee, "but I will throw in free a few don'ts for women who want to keep pretty and young.

"Don't go to bed worrying; wrinkles come in the night.

"Don't go to bed tired; wrinkles come from aching bones. Eat a little



SHE DARKENED THE BROWS AND LASHES WITH SOMETHING, REDDENED THE LIPS, AND THEN BADE THE LADY LOOK AT HERSELF IN THE GLASS

and lean out of the window and get some fresh air; then go to bed and leave your windows up all night. Don't go to bed hungry, and never go to bed angry; anger brings furrows quickly.

"Don't have any more ills than you can help. Each minute of ill-health brings a little line in the face.

"Don't read too much; rest your eyes often; don't sew too much. Don't have poor teeth; don't have any kind of a defect you can avoid. I leave the two biggest don'ts for the last. Don't be jealous—jealousy brings the ugliest lines of all, and—

"Don't nag your husband or children or servants."

I couldn't help thinking, as the newly-beautified lady went forth to fresh conquests, of the orange-colored face that was under all the grease and powder, and of how it would look when it was all washed off and Miladi would have to dip deep in her purse to have it all done over again.

And I couldn't help thinking that even a face like an orange would be healthier and better than one plastered with all manner of red and white stuff.

The orange would at least be honest, though it might be a trifle sour.

#### THE LITTLE OLD LADY

"ALL RIGHT, take your time; take your time," said the conductor, encouragingly. We were in a car in the city suburbs where an old lady who was coming into town was waiting to enter the conveyance of the Common People. "Take your time," he said again. And we, knowing how much can be put into a tone, were glad, for the old lady had mistaken the standpoint for waiting by twenty or thirty feet, and there was anxiety in her old face lest she should be left behind, and it is hard to hurry at eighty. There was just as much kindness and comfort in the conductor's tone as if he had been her son, and for a moment it transfigured the prosaic corner with its unstudied genuineness. A dear, rickety little old lady she was, who had come in to do a bit of shopping, or maybe take tea with a friend, and she did not seem to know the ways of the town very well. The motors



THERE WAS ANXIETY IN HER OLD FACE LEST SHE BE LEFT BEHIND, AND IT IS HARD TO HURRY WHEN YOU ARE EIGHTY

frightened her, and above all the bicycles, which indeed ought not to be permitted any more in our large cities.

Little do we recognize how much kind and gentle words mean to the old, most of whose beloved ones have drifted away to the Silent Land! They try to accommodate themselves to the ways of the younger generation, but they must have sad and lonely hours of which those around them know nothing. Life, I think, grows easier for the old. The blood does not stir tumultuously at seventy. The temper is shorn of its lightning flashes. One arrives at the knowledge—which would have been of such vast service to us when we were younger—that life is much too short for strife and worry and little, mean passions.

But—how terribly these little old ladies are missed when they creep quietly away from us! What a gap is left! How sweet she was! How tender and thoughtful for us; how patient with our stronger and more restless moods! Do you never think

that you would be kinder and more tender to your dead mother if you could have her back for a little while? You remember many a little careless act of neglect; many a little pleasure you might have given by some act of self-sacrifice on your side. But you did not, and the goad pricks now when you can do nothing, and the beloved little old figure is covered away forever!

#### MISS STEAD AND SPIRITUALISM

**I**N AN article in a recent English magazine, Miss Estelle Stead, daughter of the so-called "Prince of Journalists," who went to his death in the palace ship "Titanic" about this time last year, gives a little talk on spiritualism. The occult has always attracted human beings. Gifted with a reasoning mind and an intelligence which can be highly developed, the attitude of man towards the unknown will always be one of research and speculation.

Often, when watching the wise face of a dog which, through contact and companionship with the human family, has become what we term "almost one of ourselves," I wonder if he has any sort of idea in regard to the mystery of life, or any thought of other worlds after this. How do we know he has not? We can be no more certain as to a dog's thoughts than we are as to the absolute personality of a real God. Religion gave the world its belief or its uncertainty in a future state of being. Faith, that most wonderful thing in the world, can blind the very reason. Not every doubting Thomas—and the world overflows with them—may have the comfort and soul-joy born of real knowledge. The rest of us must take everything on trust and on tradition.

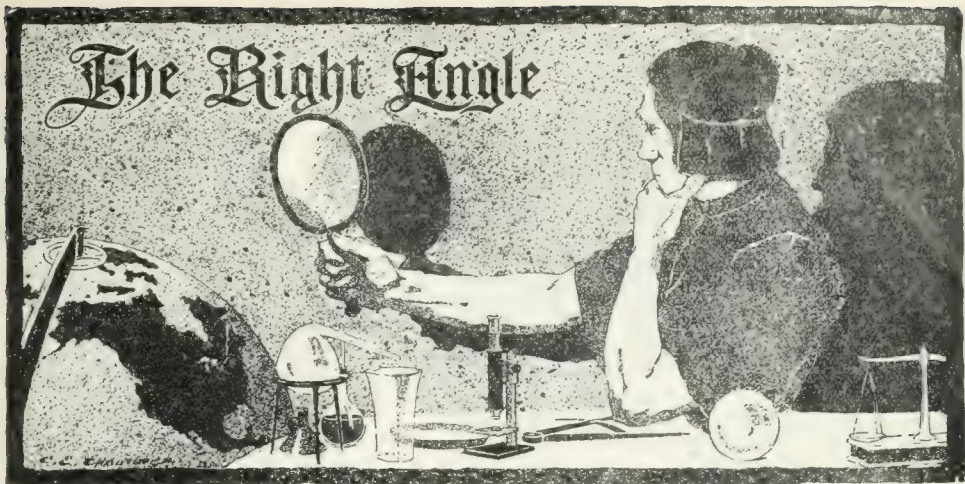
There are quite as many arguments in favor of materialism and absolute annihilation, as there are others against it. But, to my mind, the greatest stumbling block to all this spiritualistic idea is that never, despite entreaties

and opportunity, has the writer been able to connect with this world in the faintest degree, any of the beloved dead who have left me. I have attended seances in almost every important city in the world, but beyond the foolish shibboleth of the medium—not a sound has broken the dread silence between this side of the Curtain and the other. And now Miss Stead comes forward to tell us that since his death on the "Titanic," she has held frequent converse with her father and that just lately he has been busy with the Balkan War and his peace propaganda! And yet, if we dismiss from thought the old idea of heaven, its angels and harps and eternal song, might it not be possible that when we leave this planet we are translated to another—say Mars—where we still retain our human mind, so to speak, and human outlook, and still take an interest in the doings of old Mother Earth? Perhaps this may be the reason for the extraordinary and very common messages we are supposed to receive from the Spirit World. We have just moved on. We cannot turn back, but we may look over our shoulder.

I remember a spirit once who was more agitated over Peter's silver watch than an elderly lady fighting her way to Heaven on the other side had any right to be. It seems the wrong nephew got hold of Peter's watch after his wife's death, and she was in a fearful state about it.

"I want Frank to have that watch! I want him to have it—not you, Arthur," she shrilled from the medium's chair. Somewhere in the rear I heard the deep cackle of a man's laughter. Apparently Arthur was determined to hang on to Uncle Peter's watch—and what could the old lady do there in Limbo, or in Purgatory—or in Mars, perhaps?

Alas! we know nothing! There is but the beating of the rain, the cry of the wind, and the long, long silence.



#### STATISTICS EIGHTEEN-THIRTY

[T was with amused surprise and much comparing interest that we read a copy of "Williams' New York Annual Register for the Year 1831," which fell into our hands recently.

In those days of side-whiskers and tight coats, it appears that the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad had a capital of \$300,000, with permission to increase it to \$500,000, ran from Schenectady to Albany, and had a grade not to exceed one foot in 230, the land being flat in character. Another, the Canajoharie & Catskill, was predicted to offer a great saving in transportation of produce for the farmers along its line, "the average time consumed in the transportation of produce by a railroad at moderate speed, say *a little over twelve miles an hour*, offering a total transport time one-eighth that of the Erie Canal." The whole cost of constructing this railroad was estimated at \$698,506.78, and the annual expenses, including interest at 7%, stationary engines, fuel, toll gatherers, engineers, repairs of machinery, bridges, culverts, etc., at \$90,271.37. In the language of the street, the Canajoharie & Catskill was "some railroad".

When you remember that one Canadian road announces as a matter of course the expenditure of \$25,000,000 for new lines west of the great lakes in a single season, — as the Canadian Northern did last year; and that the official government reports for the year ending June 30th, 1912, showed

in all Canada 2,953 additional miles of railway, with 1,738 miles more reported ready for operation and 10,000 miles under construction, the entire railway activities of 1830 in New York state could be put in Sir William Mackenzie's vest-pocket and he would never know they were there.

The branch of the United States Bank at the city of New York had a capital of \$2,500,000; this, however, was a big branch, and that at the city of Buffalo, for example, had an apportionment of only \$250,000 capital. Balance this against the \$15,000,000 capital of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, divided between its 366 branches throughout the Dominion.

Again, the assessments of real estate in the city of New York in 1830 totalled \$87,603,580. In 1911 Winnipeg's real property assessment ran above the \$200,000,000 mark.

In the entire state of New York there were "209 incorporated manufacturing companies, 88 cotton manufactories, 208 woollen manufactories, and 202 iron manufactories." The value of cotton goods manufactured was estimated at \$3,000,000 annually, and that of woollen goods at the same. Iron was valued at \$4,000,000 annually, and other manufactures in proportion. In July, 1911, Toronto alone had over 900 factories, employing 65,000 persons, and representing an invested capital of \$75,000,000.

If the nineteenth century was the United States' and the twentieth is

Canada's, all we have to say is that we have a pretty good start.

### THE ETCHING

THERE were some color etchings reservedly disposed in the picture dealer's window—delicate, refined things. At first we did not notice the young fellow who shared the window with us; then we heard his soft, correct whistling, and looked out of the tail of our eye to see a rough-necked, wind-reddened chap in nondescript workman's clothes—the last man one would have expected to see intent before the etching of bowls and French peasants entitled "The Porcelain Market." Strangest of all, he was Saxon in type; not the soft-eyed greasy Latin whom one sees—and often perceives by other senses as well—in art galleries on free days.

He was entirely absorbed, moreover, whistling something from an opera that we couldn't even place, something with intricate intervals and modulations and changes in movement—something that we wouldn't dare attempt to whistle—and doing it with the unconscious ease of a mocking-bird reflecting aloud about his nestful of eggs and his little brown mate in the bush. He walked around us as if we had been a stump, and resumed his intent study—of a French street this time, and some parti-colored posters on an old grey wall of cracked mortar and a clock that said twenty-five minutes to twelve.

We continued to look at him out of the tail of our eye. He might have been a seaman, or a structural steel worker, or one of those red-faced, muscular gods who, a gunny-sack wrapped about their knees, perch high above four straining dapple grey horses and nurse a juggernaut truck through the tangle of city traffic under the authoritative eye of policemen. His hands were big and powerful; his grey shirt, though not body-greasy, was none too clean. For five minutes more he stood there; then with deliberation quitted the window and pursued his way down the street, a loose-knit, sturdy figure, giving an impression of one who saw clearly his goal and marched with unhurried directness upon it.

But what the devil was he doing with "The Porcelain Market"?

### THE LAND OF LITTLE CARE

SUCH is the title of Samuel Ellsworth Kiser's new book of verse, characteristic, optimistic and friendly. It appears that the land of which he sings is just around the corner—

Come, little comrade, let us fare across the hills beyond the city,  
And loiter in the open where no voice may call to us for pity;  
We'll wade in brooks and wander by the slanting fields and forest edges,  
And listen to the winds that sigh and sing through aromatic sedges.  
We'll linger in the hawtree's shade, and carve the letters of our names  
On mossy fences that were made by hands which toil no longer claims;  
The golden willow's branch shall be a whistle you may blithely blow  
And every pool shall be a sea where stately vessels come and go.

Boyhood whistles gaily through his pages, and problems seen through childish eyes grow strangely easy of solution:

We ain't as rich as some folks are, and can't put on much style,  
Ma says pa's income don't go far when things cost such a pile.  
But still I don't see why it is that she should be so sad;  
We've got three dogs, and that's two more than Frank Gill ever had.  
The Brewsters they got rich in mines, the Gills in corn and hogs,  
But still they needn't feel so proud—we beat them all on dogs.

Pa with the grip—"a blamed impatient patient, but we dasn't tell him so"; brother Willie who "hussels up" when prayer time comes "And nearly 'fore I get to where it says to let Thy will be done—both starting even, too—he's through"; the cider mill; the chickens dozing on their perches; the friendly colt that comes to lay its velvet muzzle in your hand—all are familiar to the country-bred, and doubly sweet to those who have left woods and fields behind them for the ring of shod hoofs on asphalt, and the smoky sky of town.

Mr. Kiser's muse is none of your stately goddesses—little of Euterpe and less of Calliope—but a comely, wholesome, friendly sort of lass, sunburnt a bit, likely wearing a checked apron and able to bake cookies. And we consider her a bully sort of sweetheart.



#### WHAT HE KNEW

"YES, Jim said when he married May that he'd rule his own house or know the reason why."

"And does he?"

"Not exactly. He seems to have compromised on knowing the reason why."

#### HER DIAGNOSIS

THE doctor's bell had rung as Mrs. Doctor was putting small daughter to bed.

"Slip to the head of the stairs, dear," she suggested, "and see if it's a caller or a patient."

Small daughter went, in her little pink pajamas, listened a moment, and megaphoned back in a whisper.

"It's somebody that's lost their nerve, mamma. I heard daddy say so."

#### A LUCKY DROP

"SHE gave me three pairs of slippers for my birthday," exclaimed the pretty girl, extending a slender foot.

"What a windfall!"

"No," she demurred reflectively, "it sounds to me like footfall."

#### PRESENCE OF MIND

THE Bachelor Girl had spent the evening with friends and departed laden with a jar of luscious homemade raspberry jam.

The car started up with a jerk, and in a wild clutch for something solid, she threw her arms about the man ahead of her, smashing the jar in transit against the iron handrail.

He looked down at himself, running red, and said deprecatorily.

"It's too bad you haven't some hot rolls." We might have breakfast.

#### HOW FAR SHE'D GOT

HE was very drunk and rocking along Rachel Street when a Salvation Army lassie touched him on the shoulder.

"Do you know you're going to hell, friend?" she demanded.

The wayfarer reflected. "Oh!" he said. "Well, where — where you goin'?"

"I'm going to heaven," she answered. "Come along."

"H'm!" he commented. "Well — how long you been goin' there?"

"Twenty-two years, praise the Lord!"

"Unh-ah!" he rejected. "Twenty-two years goin' to heaven an' only got as far as Rachel Street. By-by!"

#### HER LITTLE SCHEME

THEY had held solemn conclave over one of the baby's small sins, and punished her by putting her in the dark, dark closet. Silence ensued, unbroken by so much as a murmur.

At the end of fifteen minutes, they began to be anxious. Of course she couldn't have fallen, or got smothered, or fainted,—The head of the house said "Nonsense!" but at the end of five more silent minutes he opened the door, to have a delighted curly head pop out and a merry little voice cry,—

"Boo!"

## CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

**B**ARGER will auction to the highest bidder by piece the contents of Mrs. M. Shall on Clinton Street, moved to the salesroom for convenience of sale.

## A VERSATILE "STRAIGHT FLUSH"

BY ANDREW BELL BENNETT

**H**ERE is a knave, malicious, obscene, selfish and rude;

His sin, seems to be poisoning mankind by his fiendish mood.

He's a mocker of all goodness, a master of Black Arts;

Suppose then we dub him, subordinate, "The Jack of Hearts."

The next is more cheering, I'm glad to say;

He fills your souls with the happiness ray.

He'll do you good when troubled—with the smile he imparts;

Surely then we should call him our King of Hearts.

Then next comes a woman, pure, noble and good;

Like heroes in battle, before the world always stood;

A paradigm of grandeur—let Cupid hand her darts—

She's worth while struggling for, this one Queen of Hearts.

But the trump card, our minion, is higher than all,

(Of that which is masculine) on our knees duly fall,

To salute he who is honest, generous, (and forgiveness imparts),

Why men, he sure "takes the pot," our glorious idol, the small Ace of Hearts.

## ROUND ROBINS

**T**O simplify the baseball news which five times daily we, peruse, let's have a form arranged to read: "We have more pitchers than we need.

"——'s ankle bothered him to-day;

—— doesn't know if he can play because biz in his billiard room is showing such a wondrous boom.

"—— —, the wonder from Bean Hill, gives all the training camp a thrill when he unwinds his set of twists or nabs the ball with his big fists.

"Cap. —— declared to me this morn: 'As sure as you and I are born

my team will win that pennant, sure; we show that by our training tour.'"

Then in the blanks we'll put the name which in each city stands for fame; and, changing statements day by day, we'll save a lot of time this way.

## NOTICEABLE

**Y**OU are Scotch, are you not, Mc-Tavish?" asked Bilgus of the waiter.

"Partly, sir."

"Ah, I have a good deal of Scotch in me."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir. I've noticed, sir, beggin' your pardon, that you had drank quite a number of Scotch 'igh-balls, sir."

## THE CYNIC REMARKS

**W**E often have wondered what psychological impulse tells some women when to laugh at the theater.

A man who is under twenty or over forty finds it hard to understand why there should be anything except soubrettes on the stage.

Folks who adopt music as a profession may not be said to have a hold on fame until they have caused the postponement of a concert because of their illness.

Some people go around missing trains just because it gives them a chance to boast of their absentmindedness.

The man who takes you to one side and tells you that he is simply crazy because of his love for some girl, is simply crazy.

Love makes the world go 'round—but two drinks of Scotch will give it a perceptible whirl, according to Haig and Haig theorists.

A man will make more excuses for being fired than his boss does for firing him.

The man who stands on the street corner and ogles women is usually the one who applauds the loudest at the play when the hero tells the villain to unhand the girl.

Some men are mean enough to make scrap books of baby food pictures and preserve them to show to the victims in about fifteen or eighteen years.